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FEBRUARY 27, 1925

No. 1013

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AND

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE BOY MAGNATE; OR, MAKING BASEBALL PAY. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

AND OTHER STORIES



With a snort of rage Chester Wells tore the paper from Darrell's hands. "You shall not destroy it, Wells!" cried Jack, seizing him by the wrist and arm. Dallas started to aid his manager, while Bassett and Amy looked astonished.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1925

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THE BOY MAGNATE

OR, MAKING BASEBALL PAY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Disaster On Coffin Ledge.

"Hello, Jack?" what brought you over to Rockland?" asked Fred Dallas, a well-dressed lad of eighteen, looking curiously at a handsome, well-built lad, attired in a plain business suit, who had just boarded the stanch little steamer Seabird, which navigated between Rockland, Cinnebar and Marathon, on the coast of Maine.

"Looking for a job," replied Jack, pleasantly.

"Looking for a job! In Rockland!" exclaimed Dallas, in evident surprise. "What is the matter with the one you have?"

"Mr. Richards is going out of business in two weeks, and it's up to me to connect with something else in the meantime, for I can't afford to remain idle. You know how we're fixed, Fred."

"But how about your folks? If you leave Marathon for good I suppose your mother and sister will go, too," said Dallas, with a glum look, for not only was Jack his particular friend, but Jack's sister, Edith, was an attraction of the first magnitude for Fred.

"I shall be dead sorry to leave Marathon," answered Jack solemnly.

"You won't be any more sorry than I shall be to see you go. I'll feel lost without you, old chap. We've been chums ever since we got acquainted at school. In fact, it will be like losing a brother to part with you."

"Oh, I'll come over and see you occasionally, and you must return the compliment, for I shall look for you, and so will Edith. It isn't so far."

"Oh, I'll come over, bet your life," said Fred, wagging his head in a positive kind of way. "I couldn't let you get away from me altogether."

"I hope not," laughed Jack.

"Well, did you strike anything in this town?"

"I have the promise of a pretty good place."

"What line of business?"

"Same as I'm at now—lawyer's office. You'll never guess who the man is."

"Who is he?"

"Benjamin Seabury."

"The man who owns the Rockland ball team and is president of the Coast League?"

"The same. He says he will want to use me on his team as he needs another catcher."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. He told me he wished he could sign you, too. In his opinion you and I were the crack battery in the league last season. He said that your pitching was about the only thing there was to the Marathon team. That outside of you, I. Bassett and Wickers the team was the rockiest he'd ever seen in a minor league."

"Yes, we were a rather tart aggregation, as a whole," grinned Fred. "We were lucky to win five games out of the forty we played. I heard Dan Longworth say that the strongest crowbar ever made couldn't have pried us out of last place from the day we lost the opening game."

"If Manager Gibson had opened his purse-strings and hired a few decent players, it would have been money in his pocket. Why, most of the time we played to practically empty benches, even on Saturday afternoon, and Marathon is a good ball town too. People won't come to see a team that doesn't seem to have the ghost of a show to win a game. The people who did come were drawn by your pitching. When you were on the cards the rooters visited the grounds occasionally on the bare possibility that, with half-decent support, you might pull the game out, for you were a stumbling block to the other three teams. It was seldom they could bunch hits on you. That, however, didn't stop them from winning almost as regularly as clockwork. You remember that Cinnebar won a game on a single hit, another on two safeties, and a third on four hits. While Rockland won two games on two hits each, and Pimlico actually beat us one day without making a single safe hit off your delivery. We ought to have had every one of those games. It was certainly discouraging for you to go in, pitch winning ball, and then have ragged fielding do the team up."

"I should say it was," replied Fred, with a look of disgust as the unpleasant recollection forced itself upon him. "It's about time this boat started, isn't it?"

As if in answer to his words, the last bell was rung and the steam whistle gave three long toots, which was the signal that the gangplank would be hauled in within a minute or two.

"Looks kind of squally outside the harbor," said Fred. "Those clouds are full of rain and wind."

The boys had taken their stand at the bows of the steamer, and they had a clear view out to the great estuary beyond the harbor. Penobscot Bay was alive with white caps and these rolled into Rockland harbor in a way that suggested a roughish trip for the little steamer up to Marathon. The boat, as it approached the mouth of the harbor, met and rose to the inrolling swell, and began to roll in a way that rather threatened the serenity of passengers not accustomed to the motion.

From where they stood they could see the pilot at the wheel peering through the windows of his little house, and a few of the more hardy passengers seated on camp-stools on the hurricane deck. At length they passed out into the bay and the steamer swept around to the north, rolling violently for several minutes in the cross sea till she got on her course. Thus they steamed along under a threatening sky for three-quarters of an hour, when the course was changed to due north, and then, little by little, to the westward, as Cinnebar came into sight, at which point the steamer made her intermediate landing.

A mile or more to the east of this town was a dangerous ledge, which was naturally given a wide berth, especially in a strong blow like the present, when the black rocks were covered, off and on, by the white spume of the rumpled waves. As they approached this ledge a small sailboat was descried close aboard of the rocks.

"Look yonder, Jack!" cried Fred, in a tone of some excitement. "That craft is sailing mighty close to Coffin Ledge. I'm a pretty good boatman myself, if I do say it, but I wouldn't think of taking the chances that fellow is doing. And he's got a girl or a woman aboard, too. He must be a fool, or a daredevil."

"Perhaps a little of both," replied Jack, watching the distant craft that rose like a cork on the surges one moment, and disappeared in a trough the next, till only the bellying sail was visible to the boys.

"The tide is sweeping them right on to the rocks. Why don't he head to the windward?"

"Maybe he doesn't know enough to. He'll never clear the ledge on the course he's following."

Darrell was sailor enough himself, in an amateurish way, to recognize the perilous position of the sailboat, and he feared a catastrophe.

"Do you know that looks like Chester Wells's catboat," said Fred, after a moment or two, during which the distance between the steamer and the sailboat had been materially decreased.

"What makes you think it is?"

"That blue burgee flying from the peak of the mast. That signifies the Marathon Boat Club, of which he's a member, and I know Chester is such an enthusiast that he's out on the bay more than half his time."

The boys now noticed that the steamer was heading much nearer the ledge than usual, and looking up at the pilot-house they saw that the pilot had his eyes on the imperilled sailboat.

"Old Brown is looking for trouble," remarked Fred. "He is laying in as close as he dares."

At that moment the whistle let off a succession of shrill toots. This naturally attracted the attention of half the passengers on board, many of whom began flocking to the port rail, whence they eyed the sailboat. The captain now came to the

rail in front of the pilot-house and sang out to a couple of deck-hands below.

"I guess the captain thinks he might be called on to send one of the boats away in a hurry. I'll bet he's blessing that crazy boatman to beat the band," said Fred.

The boys moved over to the port bulwark and leaned upon it. At their feet was a coil of thin line, such as is usually attached to a steamboat's hawsers to haul them on board when cast off from the spile heads of a wharf. Jack stood on this coil to get a better view of the tossing catboat. Suddenly to the utter dismay of all who understood the situation, the catboat swung around and headed right at the ledge. This was courting almost sure destruction, and could only have been the act of a madman, or one who had lost all control over the craft. Fred gave one gasp.

"My gracious!" he cried. "They're lost!"

Jack never said a word, but watched the boat's impending doom with compressed lips.

"Great Scott!" continued Fred. "What's the matter with the fellow? Does he want to drown himself and the girl?"

The captain of the steamer now issued hurried orders to clear away the boat on the port side of the hurricane deck, and four deck-hands sprang to do his bidding, while the steamer rushed down at full speed on the ledge. Unfortunately, the lowering gear had got jammed in some way from non-usage, and the boat stuck close to her davits.

"What's the matter with the blamed boat up there?" growled Fred. "It's taking them an all-fired time to launch her."

"Great Heaven! There she goes on the rocks!" cried Jack, in a fever of excitement, as the catboat disappeared into a cloud of foam that hung around the ledge.

When the spume was caught by the wind and blown to the leeward, the wreck of the sailboat was seen caught between two black rocks, while the girl and her companion were clinging for their lives to the boom, with only their heads showing above the swirling waters. Jack Darrell noted all this, and also that the steamer's boat was no nearer launching than before. The bell in the engine-room rang to stop the machinery, and the pulsations and jar of the boat suddenly ceased. Jack saw that if the imperilled ones on the rocks were to be saved at all, something must be done at once. He threw off his jacket, bent down, seized one end of the coil of light rope and began to hurriedly attach it around his waist.

"What are you going to do, Jack?" asked Fred.

"I'm going to save those people, if I can," he replied, kicking off his shoes. "When I go overboard, pay out the line and keep your eye on me."

Jack, laying his hand on Fred's shoulder, sprang on the rail and then dived into the waters of the bay.

CHAPTER II.—A Gallant Rescue.

He came up in a moment and struck out for the point of the ledge on which the boat had rested her keel. The pilot had seen him go over, and, divining his intention, proceeded to work the steamer into the most favorable position to second Jack's gallant attempt at rescue. The tide bore Jack in toward the ledge with considerable rapid-

ity, and he had his work cut out to avoid missing the point at which he was aiming. Nearly all the passengers on the boat, and there happened to be a goodly number, congregated near the port rail and watched the daring swimmer. At length he vanished amid the spume that every once in a while hid the wreck and its clinging survivors from the sight of those on the steamer.

When the spray blew away, neither Jack nor the girl could be seen—only the man or boy who was still holding on to the boom. Suddenly Jack came to the surface, several yards from the wreck, and a moment after the girl's head appeared a short distance away. The boy saw her at once and struck out for her, reaching her just as she was sinking. He grabbed her quickly and instantly she made a frantic effort to seize him, just as a drowning person will. He deftly avoided her clutch, caught her again from behind and signalled to Fred to pull in. Dallas was aided by a deck-hand, who had come up beside him, and soon Jack and his burden were alongside the steamer.

The deck-hand removed a part of the bulwark, lay over and, catching hold of the girl, drew her on deck, amid the cheers of the passengers. Jack then started for the wreck again to save the other unfortunate. He had even more trouble than before in approaching the rocks, but he got there at last, and Fred soon got the signal to haul away. Rescuer and rescued were drawn carefully up to the steamer and assisted on board.

"Why, hello! is that you, Chester Wells?" cried Fred, in surprise, when he recognized the last survivor of the wreck.

Wells smiled in a sickly kind of way, but said nothing. He was pretty nearly done up.

"Take them both down in the boiler-room," sang out the captain, from the hurricane deck, as the boat was put on her course toward Cinnebar, taking the inside channel, between the ledge and the shore.

The deck-hand motioned Jack to follow him, while he assisted Chester Wells along. Fred brought up in the rear, and accompanied the procession down an iron ladder into the hold of the steamer.

"Peel off your clothes, both of you," said the deck-hand. "Squeeze the water out of them and I'll hang 'em up so they'll dry in a jiffy."

Both Jack and Wells were presently reduced to Nature's undress uniform. Chester felt too weak to stand, and a place was made for him to recline on. Jack, however, felt no bad effects from his bath, nor the exertions he had undergone, and remained standing beside his chum.

"I've tumbled to the cause of the trouble," said Fred. "Chester had been taking a drop too much before he started out on his cruise. I could smell it on his breath, in spite of the sea water. Who is the girl he had along, and whose life you saved? Do you recognize her? I never saw her before."

"Nor I, either," answered Jack, shaking his head. "Looks as if she might be a stranger in these parts unless she belongs in Cinnebar."

"Well you've made a hero of yourself all right, Jack. Your name will be in the Marathon and other papers round here to-morrow. The girl looks like a swell one, too. Probably she's got a rich old man, and he'll be certain to want to reward you for rescuing his daughter."

"He can't pay me anything for what I did. I'm perfectly satisfied in having been able to save her from a terrible death."

The note of the gong in the engine-room above showed that the boat was drawing near its wharf at Cinnebar. Finally she was made fast and several passengers went ashore, while a couple came on board. The boys could hear the rumble of the trucks as the deck-hands rushed a lot of freight ashore. Inside of ten minutes the Seabird pulled out into the bay and started for the town of Marathon. By the time she had covered half that distance the clothes were dry, and Jack and Chester dressed themselves. Chester Wells thanked Jack for rescuing him from his perilous situation, but there was no great warmth in his tones, and he did not offer his hand to the brave lad.

"Who was the girl you had along, Chester?" asked Fred Dallas.

"Oh, she's a friend of mine," replied Wells, evasively. "Her name is Hamilton."

"Is she living in Marathon?"

"Yes. At the Marathon Inn for the season, with her brother."

"Look here, Chester," said Fred, "I thought you knew better than to sail down so close to Coffin Ledge. And why in the name of goodness did you steer the boat right upon the rocks at a time when you would have been lucky if you had managed to clear them by the skin of your teeth?"

Chester looked exceedingly foolish, and mumbled out some reply that neither of the boys could hear.

"I guess I'll go up and see how Miss Hamilton is getting on," he said.

At that moment a deck-hand thrust his head down the scuttle and called for Jack Darrell.

"Here I am," said the boy. "What do you want?"

"The captain wants you in his office," was the reply.

The two boys went on deck, and Chester Wells followed them at a distance. When Jack ran up the brass-bound stairs to the cabin deck he was received with a general clapping of hands by the assembled passengers. He stopped for a moment in some confusion, and then made a dash for the captain's office. That gentleman greeted him with words of praise and commendation for his gallant conduct in rescuing the two imperilled occupants of the wrecked sailboat. He said that the young lady, who had been well looked after, and was now in his cabin, was anxious to see the boy who had saved her life, therefore it would give him great pleasure to take Jack in there and present him to her. The captain, marched him to his cabin forthwith.

"Miss Hamilton," he said, "allow me to present Jack Darrell, the young man to whom you owe your fortunate escape from death on Coffin Ledge."

The captain then withdrew, leaving the two young people together.

"Mr. Darrell, I hope you will believe me when I say that I am deeply grateful to you for saving my life, and that I shall never forget what I owe you as long as I live," said Amy Hamilton, holding out her hand to him.

Jack looked a bit embarrassed as he took her dainty hand in his.

"I'm very glad that I was able to be of service to you, Miss Hamilton," he managed to say, after some hesitation. "I hope you are feeling all right now."

"I think I may say that I have nearly recovered from the effects of the fright and involuntary bath that I was subjected to by the reckless behavior of my escort, Mr. Chester Wells, though I dare say I look very ridiculous in this old wrapper, with my hair all rumpled. Mr. Wells represented himself to my brother and myself as a thoroughly proficient yachtsman, able to handle a boat skilfully in all weathers. As I just dote on the water, I was persuaded to accept his word and an invitation to go out in his boat this afternoon. I am sorry to say that his deportment, after we got a few miles from Marathon, was such as to give me the impression that he had been drinking more than was good for him. At any rate, his handling of the boat very nearly cost us our lives. I shall never trust myself with him again, either on land or water. In fact, I shall not be surprised if my brother, when he learns the particulars of my adventure, will insist that I have nothing more to do with him hereafter. Judging from my feelings toward him this moment, I scarcely think I will notice him again."

"Chester Wells has the reputation of being a good boatman," replied Jack, feeling as if he ought to say something in the other's favor, whether he deserved it of him or not. "But it was odd that he should sail so near such a dangerous spot as the Coffin Ledge, especially when he had a young lady aboard."

"Well," she replied, "I don't think I care to discuss Mr. Wells. I am done with him. May I ask if you live in Marathon, Mr. Darrell?"

"I do."

"Then I may hope to have the pleasure of seeing you often while my brother is in this neighborhood."

Jack said he would be glad to call on her.

"My brother will insist on thanking you himself for what you have done for me, so I would like you to give me your address, that he can call on you; or, if you have no objection to seeing me from the boat-landing to Marathon Inn, where we are stopping, I will introduce you to him at once."

"I shall consider it a pleasure to escort you there, Miss Hamilton," replied Jack, greatly pleased with her request.

"Very well, then. We ought to be very near Marathon by this time, are we not?" she said.

"I should think so," he answered.

"Then I shall have to ask you to tell the captain to send the stewardess to me with my clothes, which I hope are sufficiently dried to be wearable."

"Certainly, Miss Hamilton. I will do so at once."

Jack left the cabin and delivered the young lady's message to the captain. Then he rejoined Fred, and they walked forward to see how close the boat was to Marathon.

the main cabin, anxious to tender an humble apology to the young lady for his part in the accident that had nearly cost her her life. Finally he approached the captain and stated that he would like to see Miss Hamilton. As she had expressed her sentiments about Chester in no uncertain way to the captain, and as that gentleman had been an eyewitness of the young man's erratic management of his boat, which had rather disgusted him, he curtly told Chester that he did not think it would be advisable for him to see Miss Hamilton for the present. Chester was not pleased at being turned down in this fashion, as he considered himself a person of no little importance.

His father was president of the Marathon National Bank, the family moved in the highest circle of the town's society, and he was one of the best-dressed fellows in his own particular set. His feelings were not improved when, after the boat had been made fast to her wharf at Marathon, he saw Jack issue from the captain's cabin, with Miss Hamilton by his side. With a feeling of desperation, he approached them and began to apologize to the girl. She cut him short with the remark that she wished to have nothing further to do with him henceforth, and then turned away from him.

Jack escorted Miss Hamilton to the Marathon Inn and was introduced by the girl to her brother, Arthur Hamilton, a fine-looking young man of perhaps thirty years, who became very indignant when she told him the story of her experience on the bay with Wells. It is unnecessary to repeat what Mr. Hamilton said to Jack, but he made it plain to the boy that he was deeply grateful to him for having saved his sister's life, and that he was his friend for life.

"I shall not, of course, offer you any recompence for your gallant conduct, for the service you have rendered my sister is beyond all price," he said; "but if I can do anything for you, no matter what the cost, I shall be glad to do it."

Jack thanked him and said that he really didn't know of any way at present that Mr. Hamilton could aid him, but if he saw how he could avail himself of his promised assistance he would do so. The conversation then turned on Marathon, and Mr. Hamilton asked Jack a good many questions about the place. Speaking of summer amusements, the boy referred to the Coast Baseball League, which had been formed the previous spring, taking in Rockland, the railroad terminal, Cinnebar, Marathon and Pimlico—the latter four miles from Marathon by trolley.

"Will the Coast League continue in business this year?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"Oh, yes!" replied Jack. "The season opens on the 4th of next month, with Cinnebar at Rockland, and Marathon at Pimlico."

"What sort of team will Marathon have this year?"

"I am sorry to say that Manager Gibson has made no changes for the better, and the outlook is rather discouraging for the rooters, who were thoroughly disgusted last season. They made all sorts of protests, and stayed away from the majority of the Marathon games, but Manager Gibson didn't seem to care. He owns the ball park, which is well equipped for the purpose."

CHAPTER III.—Jack Meets Amy's Brother.

While Jack was in the captain's cabin with Miss Hamilton, Chester Wells, in a very nervous and doubtful frame of mind, was hanging around in

and having a grip on the franchise, no one else can take his place in the league."

"He must be a fool," answered Mr. Hamilton.

"No, he isn't a fool, but I have heard he has some kind of a grouch against the town, because the Town Council compelled him to make certain sanitary and other improvements in the Opera House, which he owns and runs, and which cost him considerable money. He knew Marathon was baseball mad last year, and he thought he would take his revenge against the citizens by giving them a rocky ball team."

Jack then told the Hamiltons that he was the catcher of the team, while his chum, Fred Dallas, was the pitcher.

"With decent support, Fred would have landed Marathon in second place, I am sure, for he is regarded as the crack twirler of the league," said Jack. "But as it was we were not in it even a little bit."

"That was too bad," remarked Amy, who was more interested in Jack than ever, now that she had learned that he played in the Coast League. "I shall certainly come out to the grounds, with my brother, this summer to see you play ball, whether the Marathons win or not."

"If I play at all this season it will not be with Marathon," replied Jack.

"Why not?" asked Amy, looking much disappointed.

"Because I expect to leave the town in a few days for Rockland, where I have been promised a position in the law office of Benjamin Seabury."

"Then, we shan't see much of you, after all," replied Amy, still more disappointed, for she had already taken a great liking for the good-looking boy.

"You will probably have the opportunity to see me catch for the champion Rocklands occasionally, as Mr. Seabury is manager of the team, as well as president of the league, and he told me to-day that he intended to use me behind the bat, as he needed another catcher."

"That will be just splendid," said Amy, brightening up. "We will be able to see you, then, when the Rocklands come to Marathon or Pimlico; and, no doubt, we will sometimes go to Cinnebar, and even to Rockland, when we are sure you are to be in the game."

Jack nodded.

"Now," he said, "I want you to let me introduce you to my sister, Edith. You'll find her a nice girl."

"I shall be pleased to make her acquaintance. When will you introduce me?"

"I'll bring her around here to-morrow night, if you are willing."

"Do so by all means."

Jack promised that he would, and then took his leave, fully determined to see as much of Miss Hamilton as he possibly could.

CHAPTER IV.—Jack and His Brother Call On the Hamiltons.

"Say, Jack," said Fred Dallas, in a tone of eager interest, when the boys met late on the following afternoon. "What do you suppose I heard a little while ago?"

"I give it up. What did you hear?"

"That the Marathon franchise is on the market."

"No, you don't mean it!" replied Jack, in great surprise.

"Yes, I do. Manager Gibson has been a pretty sick man for a month, as you know."

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, his doctor has ordered him to Europe, so I heard that he's going to lease the ball park, and the franchise will naturally go with it."

"That will be good news for the disgruntled fans."

"Bet your life it will! Whoever steps into Gibson's shoes will, no doubt, secure a decent team to represent the town. It's too bad that you're going over to Rockland. I'd rather have you catch for me than anybody else."

"And I'd rather catch for you than any other pitcher. There's one thing, however, I'd prefer even to that."

"What is it?"

"To take the franchise off Mr. Gibson's hands myself. If I only had the price I'd do it quicker than wink. I know I could make money out of the venture, and money as well as the honor of managing a winning ball team, is what I'm out for."

"I wish you could tackle the proposition," said Fred. "You wouldn't need to leave Marathon, then."

"Of course not. I'd have enough to do to run my end of the Coast League. I wonder who will get the franchise and the park?"

"It's hard to say. We'll no doubt hear in a few days."

That evening, Jack, according to promise, took his sister to the Marathon Inn and introduced her to Amy Hamilton and her brother. The two girls took an immediate liking for each other, and were soon as chummy as if they were old friends. Jack and Arthur Hamilton got to talking together, and after a while Darrell mentioned that there was a prospect that a good team would be placed in Marathon that season, after all.

"Has Manager Gibson come to his senses?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"I can't answer for that. He's a pretty sick man just at present, and his doctor has ordered him to Europe. I heard this afternoon that he's going to lease the ball park, and whoever secures it will want the franchise, of course."

"He ought to have no trouble in getting somebody to take the park off his hands."

"I'd like to be the one. I know I could make baseball pay in this town. There's nothing that would suit me better than to manage a ball team. I'm willing to bet that I'd bring the pennant of the Coast League to Marathon this year."

"But playing baseball is one thing, while managing a team is quite another."

"I know that, Mr. Hamilton, but I'd not be afraid to tackle the problem."

"Tell me just what you would do in case the Marathon franchise was offered to you, and the park was at your disposal."

Jack with considerable enthusiasm outlined his plan of action.

"In the first place, I'd sign a dozen players, who, man for man, would be able to hold their own with the Rockland bunch. Then, with Fred Dallas in the box, I'd count on winning a safe

majority of the games played. A team that could make Rockland hustle for the honors would fill the park here at every game, and would draw like a mustard plaster in Rockland, too. If Cinnebar and Pimlico made the same showing as last year, I'd draw good money in those two towns also. Altogether, I'd have a good balance in my favor to show at the end of the season."

Arthur Hamilton asked, after a pause:

"Who is attending to Manager Gibson's business?"

"His lawyer, George Appleby, who has an office in the same building where I work, No — Main Street."

"I suppose there will be several bidders for the place and franchise?"

"I know that Chester Wells would be glad to get in on both."

"Chester Wells, eh?" said Arthur Hamilton, with a frown. "Has he the money and the ability to conduct the enterprise successfully?"

"I don't know about his ability to do so, but he's got the money all right. His father, who is president of the Marathon National Bank, allows him all he wants."

"An excellent way to spoil the young man," replied Hamilton.

"Manager Gibson ran the park as a public picnic ground before the formation of the league, and I suppose his successor can do the same if the magnates won't take him into the circuit; but it wouldn't be anywhere near as profitable as it would be as a ball ground with a good team in the pennant race. The people, instead of going to the park, as they used to, will go out to Pimlico on Saturday afternoons to see a league game, like they did last year, so that what Marathon loses Pimlico will gain. If the circuit has to be reduced to three towns, arrangements will probably be made to pool the entire receipts of the league and have a game every Saturday in Pimlico, for the combined attendance from Pimlico and Marathon will be likely to warrant such an arrangement."

"You seem to understand the situation thoroughly, Jack," said Hamilton, with a smile.

"Well, sir, I am merely figuring on the matter as it strikes me, from a business point of view. I know that Mr. Seabury is not the kind of a man who can be forced to accept conditions that he doesn't approve of. I heard that he read the riot act to Manager Gibson at the last meeting, and threatened to take the franchise away from him unless he strengthened his team, which he promised to do, but that's all it amounted to. But if Gibson goes out you can take my word for it that the next man will have to show that he can make good or he won't get the franchise."

At this point Miss Amy chipped in.

"I think you two have been discussing baseball long enough," she said. "It is about time that we received a little attention ourselves."

"That's right," admitted Jack, laughingly, and the conversation thereafter became general, until Darrell and his sister took their departure.

CHAPTER V.—The Lease Of Marathon Park.

Next morning, Arthur Hamilton, with a purpose in his mind, called on Manager Gibson's lawyer.

"I understand, Mr. Appleby, that the ball park, owned by Mr. Gibson, is for lease. Have I been rightly informed?"

"You have."

"Does the Coast League franchise go with the park?"

"It does, but subject to the approval of the league's executive committee."

"Exactly. Have you received any bids yet?"

"Several."

"How long do you expect to keep the matter open?"

"Until to-morrow afternoon."

"I should like to see the grounds, if you have no objection."

"Very well, I will send my clerk with you. He will make all necessary explanations. Should you submit a bid, and the award be made to you, as you are a stranger to me, I shall require a suitable guarantee that you will carry out the terms of the lease."

"I will furnish you with an acceptable guarantee, Mr. Appleby."

Mr. Appleby called his clerk and instructed him to take Mr. Hamilton over to the park, show him around and supply him with whatever information he asked for. Arthur Hamilton soon demonstrated that he knew what he was about, and when he finally parted from the clerk the young man was of the opinion that the gentleman was, or had been, a baseball manager somewhere. On his return to the Inn, Hamilton called up Benjamin Seabury, of Rockland, on the long-distance wire, and had a talk with him. What he said so impressed the president of the Coast League that he said he would come over to Marathon on the Seabird that afternoon and see him. He kept his word, and appeared at the Inn at about five o'clock.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hamilton. I have heard about you frequently. You are looking for the Marathon franchise for a friend, I suppose?" was the way Mr. Seabury opened the interview.

"Yes, sir. I want it for a young man who, I think, is quite capable of holding his end up and working for the interests of the Coast League."

"That is the kind of person we are looking for, Mr. Hamilton. We don't want a repetition of the Gibson regime, if we can help ourselves. Who is the party?"

"I will introduce him to you if I secure the lease of the grounds. It ought to be enough at present for you to know that I will hold myself responsible for him in every way."

"Your guarantee will be sufficient, no matter who he is."

The two gentlemen sat down to a table and went over the details of the previous season together, and discussed other matters of importance, bearing on the situation.

"It is quite possible that my bid may not be the highest, Mr. Seabury," said Hamilton, finally, "but I shall make it as low as is consistent with probable results. The young man I am backing is not going into this thing for fun. He cannot afford such a luxury. I will see, however, if we get the franchise and park that he secures a lot of players who will make your own team hustle if you expect to win the pennant this season."

"That's what I like to hear, Mr. Hamilton."

said Mr. Seabury, rubbing his hands. "I'd rather take your word for that than most men's bonds, for I know you understand what the situation calls for, and your experience in the business yourself is a sufficient guarantee for me to know that Marathon will be well represented if your man takes hold."

"My bid will be made from a business standpoint, Mr. Seabury."

"Naturally," replied the Rockport lawyer.

"It will be as high as I think the prospects warrant. In fact, I think there is only one person who is likely to outbid me."

"Who is that, if I may ask?"

"Chester Wells, son of the president of the Marathon National Bank."

"Hum!" said Mr. Seabury, with a slight frown. "Is he after the franchise?"

"I understand that he is. And he has the money, I am told, to get it if only for a plaything."

"He may be able to lease the park, but he can't secure the franchise unless the present managers of the league are willing to let him have it. In view of your application, I think there is very little chance of his getting it. Of course, if he secures the grounds, that would knock your man out, as no other available field could be fitted up in time to be of use, without taking into consideration the large outlay of ready money that would render one or two season's management unprofitable. I think I may safely say that if the young man in question gets Marathon Park, sufficient pressure will be brought to bear on him to induce him to give it up, or this town will be cut out of the league and other arrangements made to complete the circuit."

Mr. Seabury dined with the Hamiltons, and after the meal both gentlemen visited Manager Gibson's lawyer at his home. Arthur Hamilton submitted his bid for the use of the park for one year, with the privilege of renewal for another year on the same terms.

"The bids will be opened and passed on to-morrow afternoon at my office, Mr. Hamilton," said the lawyer. "You are invited to call here at two o'clock."

Then Mr. Seabury had something to say.

"It will be well for you to let it be known, Mr. Appleby, that the lease of the park does not carry with it the franchise of the Coast League."

"Why not?" asked the surprised lawyer. "I understood that the transfer of the Marathon franchise from Mr. Gibson to his successor would be a mere matter of form."

"The executive committee of the league will require a substantial guarantee that there will be no repetition of last season's tactics in Marathon this year. Such a guarantee I have found from Mr. Hamilton, who is a baseball man of wide experience, and I have every confidence that his representative will fill the bill. The reason I am making this matter plain is that I understand that you have received, or will receive, a bid from young Chester Wells for the park. Should his offer prevail, I think it is more than doubtful that he will be elected a member of the league's executive committee, in default of which he cannot obtain the Marathon franchise."

"But if he controls the park—"

Mr. Seabury shrugged his shoulders.

"If Chester Wells persists in leasing Marathon Park he will either have to sell his lease to some one more acceptable candidate for the franchise or Marathon will be dropped from the league."

Mr. Appleby looked rather blank at that.

"Isn't this like holding a club over Mr. Gibson?" he asked. "It is to his interests to get all he can for his park. By affixing such a string to the ball franchise you are depreciating the value of his property."

"You forget, Mr. Appleby, that Mr. Gibson paid nothing for the franchise. In our articles of incorporation it is distinctly stated that the four franchises are the property of the league, and that no member thereof has any individual right or title to one or more of them, except on the terms laid down by the by-laws. The executive committee is empowered to dispose of the said franchises as it sees fit, and can at any time, for reasons deemed sufficient by a majority of the committee, revoke or transfer any one of the four franchises, and its action shall be considered as final. If Chester Wells's bid is higher than Mr. Hamilton's, I will undertake that the league will make up to you the difference, provided you will give me your word that no advantage will be taken of my offer."

"Very well, Mr. Seabury, I accept your proposition, provided Chester Wells, if successful, does not sign the lease, and you have my word that you shall have a fair deal," said the manager's lawyer.

As the visitors had nothing more to say, they took their departure, and Mr. Seabury put up for the night at the Marathon Inn.

Next morning he left by boat for Rockland. At two o'clock Arthur Hamilton arrived at Mr. Appleby's office, and found there Chester Wells, whom he refused to recognize, and three other men. Wells showed considerable surprise at his appearance as a bidder for the park, and it was clear that he didn't like it. Before opening the bids, Mr. Appleby announced that the baseball franchise must not be considered as included in the lease of the park, as it was the property of the Coast League and could not be transferred except with the consent of that organization's executive committee.

"But that's a matter of form, isn't it?" asked Chester Wells. "The franchise is worth nothing to any one who does not control the park."

"That is a question I cannot pass upon. Whoever leases the park must adjust the matter with the league officials," replied the lawyer. "The business in hand simply concerns the park. Any bidder wishing to withdraw his proposal may do so."

Chester Wells and Arthur Hamilton stood pat. The other bidders looked doubtful, and Mr. Appleby allowed them fifteen minutes to consider the matter. Finally one of them said he guessed he would draw out, so the lawyer returned him his bid and he left the office. The four remaining bids were then opened, and Chester's was found to be \$100 higher than Hamilton's which was the next highest.

"The lease is mine, then," said Chester triumphantly.

"Are you willing to sign the lease, with your father's guarantee that the rental will be punctu-

ally paid each month, when I assure you that you cannot secure the Coast League franchise?"

"Who says I can't secure it?" cried Chester, aggressively.

"Mr. Benjamin Seabury, president of the league. I believe the disposition of the old franchise has already been settled on."

"He has no right to do me out of it. The franchise should go with the park."

"The park is the property of Mr. Gibson; the franchise belongs to the league."

"I will telephone Mr. Seabury at once."

"I think you had better. I will hold the matter over for one hour so that you can decide whether to take the park or not."

Chester Wells left the office in an angry mood. He didn't want the park without the franchise, at the same time he didn't see what good the franchise was to any one unless he had control of the park. While Arthur Hamilton returned to the Inn to await the issue, Chester went to his father's bank and called up Mr. Seabury on the long-distance wire.

The Rockland lawyer wasted very few words over the matter. He flatly told Chester that the franchise was already practically disposed of.

"But I've got the option on the lease of the park," protested Wells.

"Sorry, but the franchise is already promised to a person endorsed by the president of the New England League."

"Is that person Mr. Arthur Hamilton? Why, he's a sick man."

"No. If you were well up in baseball you'd know that Mr. Hamilton is the president of the New England League."

Chester Wells was paralyzed.

"Then, I can't have the franchise?"

"That's about the size of it. Are you going to take the park?"

"No. I have no use for it now."

"Very well. In consideration of your disappointment, I will issue you a season's pass, good for admission to any ground on the circuit. Good-bye."

An hour later Arthur Hamilton signed the lease for Marathon Park.

CHAPTER VI.—Jack Is Treated To the Surprise Of His Life.

After leaving Mr. Appleby's office, with a copy of the lease of the ball park in his pocket, Arthur Hamilton visited Lawyer Richard's office, in the same building, and found Jack Darrell at his desk, filling out a legal document.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Hamilton?" said Jack, somewhat surprised at receiving a visit from Amy's brother. "Sit down."

"I can't stop, Jack," replied Hamilton, with a smile. "I merely dropped in to say that I should like to see you at the Inn this evening, if you can make it convenient to call."

"I can be there at half-past seven, if you say so."

"All right. Come, then."

Promptly at half-past seven, Jack was shown into Hamilton's room and found Amy there, looking, he thought prettier than ever. After some general talk, Hamilton got down to business.

"Now, Jack, I believe the opportunity is mine to repay a small part of the obligation my sister and myself are under to you."

The boy looked surprised, and waited for him to explain.

"I think you said the other day that it was your ambition to become the manager of a good ball team? That nothing would please you better than to tackle the business end of baseball?"

"That's right. I did say so, and I mean it."

"I have secured the lease of Marathon Park today, and the franchise of Marathon in the Coast League. I am going to turn both over to you."

"Is this a joke, Mr. Hamilton?" asked the amazed Jack.

"This doesn't look like one, does it?" said the gentleman, taking the lease of the ball grounds and showing it to Jack. "You are lawyer enough to see that this paper is perfectly regular."

"It certainly is," replied the boy, after glancing it over. "What's this?" he added, looking at a sheet that was attached to the printed form of lease. "Seems like a transfer."

"It is. Read it and you will see that I have legally transferred my lease over to you."

"My gracious! So you have. And does this carry the franchise?"

"No; but I have secured that for you by endorsing your capability for running the ball park on the lines of the league requirements. Mr. Seabury has taken my word for it."

"He has? Why, how did you manage to talk Mr. Seabury into such a thing? He is not an easy proposition, by any means."

"Well, he knows me by reputation, and that's good enough for him."

"Oh, he does know you? That, of course, makes some difference."

"Our acquaintance has been so short, Jack, that I have barely introduced myself to you. It will probably surprise you to learn that I am a practical baseball man of many years' standing."

"Are you really?"

"I have managed several teams in Connecticut and Massachusetts. At present I am the president of the New England League."

"Is it possible!"

Jack's astonishment was so plain that Amy, who had been listening to their conversation, broke out into a merry laugh.

"Yes, Jack, it is a fact. You will find my picture in the baseball guides for this year."

"Gee! I don't wonder, then, that you had no trouble securing the franchise."

"I did have some trouble about the grounds. Chester Wells overbid me by a small amount and got the call on the park."

"Then, how did you manage to get it away from him?"

"He threw it up as soon as Mr. Seabury made it plain to him, over the wire, that he couldn't have the franchise."

"And so you actually persuaded Mr. Seabury to let me, a boy, have the Marathon franchise?"

"Well, he doesn't know as yet the identity of the person I have selected to run the franchise. I shall want you to go with me to-morrow morning over to Rockland to meet Mr. Seabury and the other two managers of the Coast League. I have made an appointment to meet them at noon in Mr. Seabury's office, where a special meeting

of the league is to be held for the purpose of accepting Mr. Gibson's resignation and electing his successor a member of the executive committee."

"My goodness! I'm afraid there's to be a hitch."

"How so?"

"Why, Mr. Seabury expects me to go to work for him a week from next Monday, and his intentions are to use me behind the bat as change catcher on his team. When you introduce me as the person you have picked out to run the Marathon end of the league, I'm afraid he'll drop dead."

"You needn't worry about that, Jack. I am going to see you through. As I expect to remain in Marathon until the fall, you will have the benefit of my advice and experience at all times. And as I have sized you up as a pretty smart boy, who means business from the start-off, I don't think there will be any difficulty about you making good. At any rate, I am your broker, both from a financial and friendly point of view, and I shall make it clear to Mr. Seabury and his associates that they are making no mistake in associating you with themselves."

"Do you mean that I am to be the actual manager of the Marathon team, and that you are going to advance me the money to start the ball rolling?"

"That's just what I mean," replied Arthur Hamilton, smilingly. "The moment I saw my way to repaying you, in a measure, for saving Amy's life, I set to work to accomplish it with as little delay as possible. In fact, you have no time to lose if you want to put a good team in the field. I have figured out about what salary-list you can stand, and my position in the baseball world enables me to put you in touch with the best material obtainable for the price. Now, how about this friend of yours, Fred Dallas, who appears to be a corking good pitcher? You'll sign him, of course. What salary did he get last year?"

"You'll hardly believe me when I tell you the figure he got from Manager Gibson for playing the whole game, I might call it, with such assistance as I gave him. It was hardly worth considering, but, you see, Fred doesn't look at money like some persons do, for his people are well fixed. Now, as I believe in doing the right thing by everybody, I shall, if you offer no objection, pay Fred a decent salary."

"My dear young friend, don't figure on me offering any objection to what you do. You will be, after to-morrow, the baseball magnate of Marathon. I shall expect you to run matters according to your best judgment. I shall be merely a figure in the background."

"You are generous, Mr. Hamilton, in thus giving me a chance to get ahead in the world just when I feel the need of doing something worth while, and I cannot thank you too much."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. The obligation is all on our side. Amy, I am sure, would never have given me a moment's rest if she knew I let this chance to favor you pass by."

"That's right, brother Arthur," said Amy. "You have only done the right thing by Mr. Darrell. I shall take a great interest in this

career as a baseball magnate, and shall look to see him made a brilliant success."

After spending a pleasant evening, Jack took his leave, promising to meet Mr. Hamilton next morning in time to catch the Seabird for Rockland.

CHAPTER VII.—In Which Jack Becomes a Baseball Magnate.

At quarter to twelve next day, Arthur Hamilton, accompanied by Jack Darrell, walked into Benjamin Seabury's law office in the Granite Block, Rockland. The president of the Coast League and his associates, Josiah Singleton, of Cinnebar, and John Cooper, of Pimplico, were there, waiting for the appearance of their expected visitors. Mr. Seabury raised his eyebrows in surprise when he saw Jack, and wondered what had brought him over to Rockland with Hamilton.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton," said the Rockport magnate. "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to Arthur Hamilton, president of the New England Baseball League. Mr. Singleton, Mr. Hamilton; Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hamilton."

No attention was paid to Jack, who took a seat and awaited developments, with a beating heart.

"Gentlemen," responded Hamilton, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I presume you have come together to transact a little business connected with the transfer of the Marathon franchise."

"Yes, sir. I have Mr. Gibson's resignation as a member of the executive committee in my pocket. But I thought you were going to bring over the person you have secured the franchise for. We are ready to elect him a member of the committee to fill Mr. Gibson's place, and the gentleman ought to be present at the meeting, for we naturally desire to make his acquaintance, and talk over with him the plans he has probably outlined for the conduct of the Marathon end of the circuit."

"He is already in this room," replied Hamilton, with a covert smile.

"In this room," exclaimed Mr. Seabury, while the other managers looked at Jack, whom they recognized as the catcher and captain of last season's Marathon team. "Why, why, I don't see anybody but Jack Darrell, who came in with you. Surely you do not mean that he is the person you have selected to run the Marathon franchise?"

"He is the person," answered Hamilton, in a decided tone.

"Why, man alive, he is only a boy!" cried Benjamin Seabury, with an impatient frown. "I hope you haven't made the mistake of thinking this is a schoolboy league, because it is far from it, as Darrell might have told you, for he played with Marathon last season, and be ought to know what he and his team were up against."

"He knows it only too well, Mr. Seabury, and he proposes, through my help, to remedy it in a way that will, he hopes, land the pennant in Marathon this fall."

"If it wasn't that I have a great respect for your baseball judgment, Mr. Hamilton, I would tell you in a very few words that your selection

of a manager for Marathon is not at all satisfactory to me, nor, do I think, to my associates. I can only say that I am very much astonished that you should pick that boy as a suitable candidate for election on this committee. Perhaps you will not object to informing us what your grounds are for believing that he can fill the bill?"

"Mr. Seabury, I have had, as I believe you are aware, an experience of about ten years in professional baseball, both as a player and as manager of three of the leading teams of the New England League, which is one of the most prosperous of the minor organizations in this country. At the close of last season I was obliged, owing to a physical breakdown, to retire from the active management of the Worcester team, which landed the championship by a narrow margin. At the annual meeting of the league I was unanimously elected its president for a term of two years. Now, gentlemen, I think that my record justifies my claim to a practical knowledge of both the playing and business ends of the game."

The three Coast League magnates nodded, as though they hadn't the slightest doubt about the matter.

"Consequently," went on Hamilton, "I think I am fully capable of sizing up the capabilities of a promising player, or judging the fitness of a person whose ambition lies in the business end of baseball. Now, gentlemen, I am under great personal obligation to this young man here, for he saved my sister's life the other day, under circumstances that would have daunted many an older and less courageous person. You all probably read about the matter in the papers this week."

The three magnates again nodded and looked at Jack, with a new interest.

"This of itself would not warrant me making the effort to force him upon your consideration as manager of the Marathon team, for sentiment these days has very little to do with business. There are other ways I could find in which to reward him for what he did for my sister. But, gentlemen, having learned about the baseball situation in Marathon, and Jack having incidentally spoken to me about his ambition to manage a ball team, I decided, after questioning him closely as to his general knowledge of the game and his capabilities to manage a team successfully, to procure the Marathon franchise for him. Now to quiet any doubt you may entertain in this matter, I will repeat, what I have already said to Mr. Seabury, that I will stand sponsor for Jack Darrell. I will personally guarantee that he will run the marathon franchise to your satisfaction. That you may be assured of this I need only say that I have arranged to spend the summer in this locality, and therefore my young friend will have the advantage of my advice and instruction from the start, so that he need not be at sea should he happen to find himself in rough waters. Furthermore, as he cannot undertake the franchise without capital, I wish you all to understand that I am his financial backer in the enterprise, and will see him through the season. I hope, gentlemen, that will satisfy you that Marathon will be well taken care of this year."

"Your explanation, Mr. Hamilton, puts an entirely different face on this matter," said Mr.

Seabury. "I have no hesitation in saying that it meets with my approval. I leave it to my associates to speak for themselves."

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Singleton.

"So am I," nodded Cooper.

"Then, gentlemen, we will proceed to business," said Mr. Seabury. "I call the committee to order. It is unnecessary for me to repeat the reason why I have called you together. I will now read you the resignation of Mr. Andrew Gibson."

The president of the Coast League drew an envelope from his pocket, and taking therefrom an enclosure, read it out aloud.

"Now, gentlemen, what is your pleasure in this matter?"

"I move that Mr. Gibson's resignation be accepted," said Singleton.

"Second the motion," said Mr. Cooper.

"It is moved and seconded that Mr. Gibson's resignation as a member of this organization be accepted. All in favor of that will say, Aye."

"Aye!" spoke up Singleton and Cooper, in a breath.

"It is carried unanimously," said the president. "Our next business is to elect Mr. Gibson's successor. Jack Darrell, of Marathon, has been put forward for our consideration as a proper person to manage the Marathon franchise. All in favor of his election as a member of this organization will please express it."

Both of the other magnates said Aye.

"It is so ordered. Darrell, you are now a full-fledged member of the executive committee of the Coast Baseball League, and I trust you will do honor to the confidence we are placing in you by taking you into the fold."

"Gentlemen," said Jack, rising, "I thank you for the honor you have conferred on me, and will do my best to make my end of the league a success. I shall engage a team of players, with the assistance of Mr. Hamilton, that, I trust, will not only make things interesting, but will land the pennant in Marathon."

"You'll have to get a good one, then," smiled Mr. Seabury, grimly, "for my own team is stronger than it was last year, and I believe both Cinnebar and Pimlico have made changes for the better."

"Thank you for the hint, Mr. Seabury. I will not fail to remember, when picking out my players, what I may be up against."

"I presume Fred Dallas will pitch for you this season," said Mr. Seabury.

"If he plays at all there isn't much doubt but you'll find him in a Marathon uniform. With the support I intend to give him, I don't think Rockland, Cinnebar nor Pimlico will win any more games with two or three hits, like they did last year."

Mr. Seabury bit his lips, while the other magnates looked serious, for they all had a wholesome respect for Fred Dallas's work in the box.

"The season, as you know, will open on the fourth of May—Cinnebar playing in this town and Marathon in Pimlico. I hope you will be in good shape by that time. You have barely two weeks in which to make all your arrangements," said Mr. Seabury.

"I promise you that my team will be on hand,

ready for business, on May 4th. Of course, I cannot expect my players to make the showing at the start that they will later on, when they have had the requisite amount of team practice. Your teams, gentlemen, will have the advantage of two or three weeks' practice; but still I hope to make Pimlico hustle on the opening day, and what we will do to Rockland remains for Mr. Seabury to discover when he brings his boys over on May 7th to Marathon."

"I am willing to take the chances of what you will do to us, Darrell," laughed the president of the league.

There was some further discussion about the prospects of the coming season in the Coast League, but all appeared to be satisfied that with a good team in Marathon it would prove both a financial and popular success.

Then Jack and Mr. Hamilton accepted an invitation from Mr. Seabury to lunch with himself and the other two magnates, and they finally left the restaurant just in time to catch the boat for Marathon.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jack Plans To Make Baseball Pay.

Jack Darrell lost no time in getting busy with his baseball interests. It was a question of hustle with him, and he hustled. The season (consisting of 60 games) opened on the coming Saturday, May 4th, and games were scheduled on every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday up to September 14th, with the single exception of Tuesday, September 3d, as two games were slated for the preceding day—Labor Day.

As Decoration Day and Fourth of July fell on Thursday, morning and afternoon games were to be played on those dates. The first thing he did was to hold a consultation with Mr. Hamilton on a trip back to Marathon on the Seabird. The subject discussed was the personnel of the new team.

"I shall sign three of last season's players—Fred Dallas, pitcher; Frank Bassett, shortstop, and Tom Wickers, outfielder, whom I am going to put behind the bat. I could get them cheap, as the case stands, but I'm not going to offer them less than I will have to pay similar players in their class. The rest of the team, as re-engaged by Mr. Gibson, are not worth a cent more than he paid them, and are of no use to me."

Arthur Hamilton knew nothing about the playing ability of either Bassett or Wickers, but he judged they must be clever at the business or Jack wouldn't indicate his intention to hold them. As for Fred Dallas, the president of the New England League had heard enough about him to be satisfied that he was a crack box artist.

"You will need another pitcher as good as Dallas, Jack," said Hamilton. "The other managers have, no doubt, strengthened their pitching staff seeing what they were up against in Dallas, and you must be prepared to meet them in this respect, and go a point better, if you can."

"I meant to speak to you about that very thing," replied the boy magnate.

"Well, I can get you a good man. You'll want

another catcher, too, who can fill in as utility man. I guess twelve players altogether will about fill the bill," said Hamilton. "I'll write to the managers of the teams in my league and have them each get me two players. You'll have about a week to pick the nine new men you want—and the rest can be let go."

"All right, sir. I shall be much obliged to you for doing that."

The matter of the team being settled, Hamilton devoted the balance of the time until the boat reached Marathon in giving the young manager practical advice about running the business.

That evening Jack visited the newspaper offices and had a talk with each of the editors who looked after the sporting columns. Next morning the two Marathon dailies printed quite a story about the coming season of the Coast League, announcing that Jack Darrell had secured the grounds and the franchise, would make improvements at the park, and get a team together strong enough to make a good bid for the pennant. Jack had just finished his breakfast and was about to start over to see Fred Dallas at his home, when that young man made his appearance in a state of considerable excitement.

"Is it really true that you have secured Marathon Park and the Coast League franchise, according to the story in this morning's Mercury?" asked Fred.

"Yes, it is true," replied Jack, with a smile.

"How, in the name of wonder, did you manage to get your hooks in? Why, the paper says you was elected a member of the league's executive committee yesterday, in Rockland."

"That's right."

"How did you do it?"

"Perhaps I'll tell you some time, but not now."

"I can't for the life of me see how you got the inner track of Chester Wells. He's been giving out all around that he expected to get the park and the franchise. He said he would put a team here that would win the championship hands down. He said he didn't care whether he made anything or not."

"Well, he got so far that he had the refusal of the grounds, but Mr. Seabury wouldn't let him have the franchise under any circumstances, and so he pulled out."

"And yet Seabury let you have the franchise?" said Fred, opening his eyes.

"He certainly did."

"Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch. Why, if anybody around here could have got it I should think that Chester, with his father to back him, would have secured it. He'll be hopping mad when he reads that article in the paper."

"I can't help that. Now, Fred, you're going to sign to pitch for me this season, aren't you?"

"Sure thing! Bring on your contract and I'll put my name to it."

"I'll do that as soon as I get them printed."

"Oh, I'll play for you at any old salary."

"No, you won't. You got \$12 a week from Mr. Gibson, and you pitched three-quarters of the games. Now, I'm going to give you \$25 a week, and you will alternate in the box with another man."

"Aren't you going to catch?"

"Certainly not. I'll have enough to do to look

after the business end of my enterprise without thinking of playing ball."

"I dare say you're right. I didn't think of that. Who will captain the team?"

"I can't tell yet. Maybe Bassett, or possibly one of the new men, who will be here next week."

"I suppose the prices will be the same as last year?"

"Sure. The league committee fixes the tariff. The more I can get into the grandstand the better for me, as the visiting team's percentage is figured on the general admission basis."

They had now reached the Mercury job printing office, and there Jack parted from his chum.

CHAPTER IX.—At the Ball Park.

Jack ordered letter-heads, envelopes, contracts and other printed stationery. Then he dropped in at the office of a contractor and took him out to the park to make an estimate for an immediate addition to each end of the present grandstand.

"The work must be completed on or before May 7th," said Jack, "for Rockland opens these grounds on that date."

"I can have it done all right if you give me the order by to-night," replied the contractor.

"Well, send your bid over to my house as soon as possible, and I will let you know this evening."

The contractor went off to make up his estimate, and then Jack walked over to where Fred Dallas, Frank Bassett and Tom Wickers stood talking over the new baseball situation in Marathon. Bassett and Wickers expressed the surprise they felt on seeing it stated in print that Jack had got hold of the ball grounds and the Marathon franchise.

"Fred had been telling us that you're going to put a bang-up team here this season," said Bassett.

"That's right," replied Jack.

"And that we three are the only ones of the old team you're going to sign."

"That's right, too."

"Fred told me that I'm to take your place as his backstop," chipped in Wickers.

"That's correct. You and he had better start in right away practising together. You haven't any time to lose. I'll have the contracts ready for you three to sign to-morrow. You'll get about double the money Gibson paid you last season, but there will be three games a week, you know, instead of two, as last year."

Bassett and Wickers were both surprised and delighted to learn they were to get more money.

"Say, here comes some of the other fellows," said Bassett. "They'll be as mad as hornets when you tell them they are going to be released."

By this time half a dozen of Gibson's team came up to where Jack and his three friends were standing. They had come to the grounds for the morning practice, which had been conducted under the captainship of Frank Bassett for several days.

"Say, Darrell, what's this we've seen in the paper this morning?" asked Spindler, the first baseman. "It is reported that you are now the

manager of Marathon this season, and that you're going to have a new team. Is that right?"

"It is."

"Then, where do we come in?" demanded Spindler, aggressively.

"You'll have to see Mr. George Appleby, in the Drew Building, on Main Street, about that. He represents Mr. Gibson."

"What's the matter with you signing the old team just as it stands? It isn't a fair deal to throw us out in the cold now, just because you've got a swelled head and think we ain't good enough for you. I guess we know our business."

"Now, what's the use of getting a grouch on at me, Spindler? You know you chaps aren't fast enough to make a decent showing against any one of the other three teams of the league. That was plainly demonstrated last year, even with the advantage we had of the crack pitcher if the circuit, and those teams are stronger this season than they were last. I doubt if the Marathon team as now made up would win a game this year."

"Who says we wouldn't?" roared Spindler, angrily.

"I say so," replied Jack, coolly.

"Oh, you go bag your head!"

"Thanks. I think you had all better go down and see Mr. Appleby right away. I have no use for you here at all."

"Yah! You make me sick!" snarled the first baseman. "You think you're going to do wonders this season, I s'pose. You'll be in the soup before Decoration Day, or my name ain't Jake Spindler."

"Well, I don't think you need worry yourself about the matter," replied Jack.

The disgusted six walked away and met three more of the old team at the gate. The crowd held a consultation, and then started off toward Main Street.

"I expected you'd have a run-in with Spindler," said Bassett. "He's always ready to shoot off that mouth of his. He gave the umpires more trouble last season than any six other players. He must have been put out of about a third of the games, which wasn't any great loss to us, for he's a lobster of a first baseman."

"Well, I hope I'm done with him and the rest of the team for good. It won't do them any good to come here, for I shall give orders to the man in charge of the grounds not to admit them inside the fence. Now, Fred, you might pass a tip to some of the High School lads that I shall be glad to have them come out here and practice for the rest of the week at least."

"I'll do it, Jack. By the way, I heard on my way out here that Chester Wells went to Boston yesterday morning, so he won't be likely to learn that you have got the franchise and the park until he returns. Then I bet he'll be out here with blood in his eye."

"Let him come but if he tries to pick a quarrel with me I'll have to send him about his business. I'd prefer not to have a racket with him, but I don't propose to stand any nonsense from him or anybody else. I'm in business with both feet, and have no time to lose with sore-heads. Running a baseball park and a salaried team is not child's play by any means. My payroll for the season will run close to \$5,000. Then there's the

rent of the ground for the whole year to be considered, besides printing, advertising, and all the incidental expenses connected with the business. I've got to pull the people to make any money out of the game. But I'm sure that good ball playing will do that. My sister is going to help me out as bookkeeper at night when she's through at her store."

"Well, I'll help you out any way I can, too," said Fred. "All you have to do is to call on me any time you want me."

"Same here," said Bassett and Wickers together.

"Thank you, fellows. I shall probably have occasion to avail myself of your generous offers. If I do, I shan't forget what I owe you."

"That will be all right. We'll stand by you, rain or shine, and don't make any mistake about it. You're doing the right thing by us, giving us more money than we ask for, so you can depend that we'll help see you through to the best of our ability. Isn't that right, Bassett, Wickers?"

"You can bet it's right," replied Bassett, and Wickers nodded his assent.

"All right, boys. I'm glad to have three good friends at my back in this enterprise. I'm more than ever sure that I shall pull out at the top of the heap."

CHAPTER X.—Chester Wells Hears Disagreeable News.

Jack was a mighty busy boy during the rest of that week. He re-engaged the ground keeper and watchman at a salary of \$10 per week, during the season, and \$5 a week for the rest of the year, with free apartments for himself and family over the office and dressing-rooms. He engaged two of his former schoolmates to sell tickets for him, and two others to tend the gates, on the days when there were games on the home grounds, and they were to be paid so much for each day that they were employed. Then he had his posters put up in the locations that were best suited for them, and they immediately attracted great attention. The hangers were distributed where they were expected to do the most good.

So far Jack had seen or heard nothing from Chester Wells. The reason for that was that Chester had remained several days in Boston. He returned to Marathon Friday night, and when he went to the rooms of the Marathon Boat Club, after dinner, where he was accustomed to hobnob with his own particular set, he soon learned all about the baseball situation in town.

"I thought you were going to get the ball franchise, Chester," said a crony.

"Oh, I got done out of it by the president of the New England League. He secured it for a friend of his."

"He did, eh?"

"That's what Mr. Seabury told me over the wire. I had the call on the grounds, but there was no use of my holding it when I couldn't get the franchise. So I let the thing go, and Mr. Hamilton, who is stopping at the Marathon Inn, signed the lease. He's the president of the New England League, and is staying in this neighborhood for his health."

"Well, who do you suppose has got the franchise?"

"How should I know?"

"A boy. The catcher of last season's team—Jack Darrell."

"What!" gasped Chester.

"That's right. And he seems to be a hustler from Hustlerville. The papers are predicting a record season under his management. He's been elected a member of the executive committee of the Coast League, and is on the same footing with the other managers. That man Hamilton must be backing him in great shape, for he's making a number of alterations at the park to increase the seating capacity. Then he's billing the town, as if he had a theatrical show at the Opera House. Since he started in there is nothing else talked about in town but baseball. Everybody I meet is going to the opening game a week from Tuesday, when Rockland comes over to start the ball in this burg. The papers say that Darrell will have a team that will bring the Flag to Marathon, or come mighty near doing it."

Chester Wells was too dazed by the unwelcome intelligence to make any reply as his crony rattled on. He could scarcely believe that Jack Darrell, the boy to whom he owed his life, had succeeded where he had failed. The very idea of such a thing was gall and wormwood to his soul. That he, the son of the president of the Marathon National Bank, should be turned down to make an opening for a poor and unimportant boy like Jack Darrell was something that he couldn't get through his aristocratic head. He regarded it as an insult to the town, perpetrated by Benjamin Seabury, of Rockland, who no doubt had some ulterior purpose in view.

"I'll bet Seabury was afraid I would bring a team here that would make his own look like thirty cents, and that he wouldn't have even a look-in this year at the flag," he said, wrathfully. "Mark my words, the whole thing is cut and dried that Rockland is to have the championship this year, too," he asserted. "You'll see it will come true. With the money I can command, Seabury knew I would make things hum in a way that would take all the credit away from his town. That's why he wouldn't let me into the league. I'm dead sorry now that I didn't hold on to the park when I could have got it. That would put a spoke in his wheel. Why, I could have brought two good teams to this town and given the people first-class ball all summer, and then the league team wouldn't have been missed."

"There wouldn't have been the excitement of the pennant race in that case, and that means a whole lot to us over here," replied his friend.

"Oh, bosh! I'd have offered a trophy to the team that made the best showing, and the people would come to see which was going to win it."

CHAPTER XI.—Marathon Wins the Opening Game At Pimlico.

Jack, Dallas, Bassett and Wickers had posed in uniform for their pictures on the afternoon of the day Fred had suggested the idea, and enlarged framed copies of them were delivered to Darrell on Saturday morning. Jack carried them out to the grounds, and he and his friends hung them about the office in conspicuous positions. The

rack of highly varnished and polished bats had already been affixed on the wall, and the boys, after placing twin foul-line flags over the young magnate's picture, and arranging the attractive trophy Jack had received for his batting record on a small table directly under his photograph, declared that the office presented a swell professional appearance. While they were admiring it, Arthur Hamilton and his sister arrived. They also admired the appearance of the office, and Amy went into ecstasies over Jack's picture.

That afternoon the Seabird brought a tall and lanky young man and a stocky companion to Marathon. They inquired their way to the Marathon Inn, and when they got there the tall lad asked for Mr. Hamilton. That gentleman came downstairs and met them. It soon developed that this was the battery which the present manager of the Worcester team had forwarded, as per Mr. Hamilton's request. Hamilton sent a messenger for Jack. When the boy magnate arrived he was introduced to the new players.

"I think you will find these lads all right. Bob Friskett has a good record as a southpaw twirler, and as I thought a left-hander would be an advantage to your team, I sent for him and his regular catcher, who is a good, all-around player, able to fill in on the bases or in the outfield."

Jack had a short talk with them and then told them to accompany him over to his home, where they could sign contracts. There was no trouble about salary, as both players understood the limit and would be expected of them for the money. After the papers were signed in duplicate, Jack piloted them around to a boarding-place, where arrangements had been entered into to quarter the new players.

On Monday morning, Jack called at the house and took them out to the ground, where they found Dallas, Bassett and Wickers, in uniform, practising. The young manager provided them with a make-shift uniform apiece and turned them over to Bassett. That afternoon five more players arrived, who were taken in hand by Jack, and on the following day four more came.

On Wednesday the last of the bunch sent for appeared. In all there were now sixteen players from whom Jack could select the twelve he intended carrying on his payroll. During the greater part of Thursday and Friday the boy magnate put them through their paces, and finally, after careful consideration, and a consultation with Hamilton, who had also watched the players with a critical eye, he selected the seven new men, in addition to the battery already signed, that he wanted.

The seven were directed to sign contracts for the season, the other four were provided with their fare and money for their expenses back to the place whence they had come. Jack decided that Bassett would make a good captain and field manager, and therefore made the acting appointment permanent. The players were directed to appear on the grounds early next morning for sign practice, and to get into shape for the opening game of the season at Pimlico in the afternoon. That town was so accessible to Marathonites, being only four miles distant by trolley, that the baseball enthusiasts of Jack's burg had de-

termined to be at the game if they broke a leg over it.

They were wild for a chance to see what the boy magnate's new players could do against the strong Pimlico team, and just couldn't wait for Tuesday's opening in their own town. Besides, a majority of the factory fans couldn't leave their work on Tuesday to attend the opening at the park, but they could go on Saturday. This was the case in each of the other towns on the circuit, that is why the opening was set for the last day of the working to accommodate the working class.

The game at Pimlico, as well as the game in Rockland, was set for 3.30 p. m. Long before that hour the trolley cars from Marathon were jammed with excited fans, for the afternoon was a fine one, just warm enough to suit players and spectators alike. For a while it looked as if half the town was en route for Pimlico. Jack went on early, accompanied by his gate-keepers, who were to keep an eye on the Pimlico entrances to the grounds. At the proper time Bassett and his bunch of players drove into the ball park on a bus, accompanied by Arthur Hamilton and Miss Amy, for whom seats were reserved in the grandstand in Manager Cooper's private box.

The members of the town council had accepted an invitation to be present, and the chairman had promised to toss out the new ball when play was called by the umpire. The Pimlico Band was also in attendance to enliven the proceedings.

Promptly at 3.30 the game began, with Marathon at bat, Wickers up. Pimlico presented a different battery from that of the previous season, and the team had been otherwise materially strengthened. The town rooters confidently expected their representatives to win, in spite of the known prowess of Fred Dallas. The big Marathon contingent were also confident that Darrell's new aggregation would make things hum—at any rate, they looked to see them make the fur fly. And they were not disappointed.

The Marathon team scored a run in the first, another in the fourth, and a third in the eighth, and that was the sum total of the scoring done that afternoon on the grounds, for Dallas held the Pimlico boys down to three hits, and not a man of them got to third base during the game. The Marathonites screamed themselves hoarse long before the final result—3 to 0 was chalked up on the score-board, and they returned home feeling that nothing was too good for Jack Darrell and his little band of pennant chasers.

The telephone had already announced to the Marathon newspapers the progress of the game by innings, and a big crowd gathered in front of the two offices where the figures were posted up in the windows as they came in, and were greeted with intense enthusiasm. The final result provoked prolonged cheering. Beside it went up the score of the Rockland game—Rockland, 6; Cinnabar, 2. Taken altogether, the Coast League had opened in a blaze of glory.

CHAPTER XII.—The Boy Magnate And His Team Cover Themselves With Glory.

The Sunday morning editions of the Times and Mercury printed full and graphic accounts of the

game at Pimlico, and both newspapers agreed that Marathon at last had a team that would do the town proud. The team was put through a hard morning and afternoon practice on Monday, as Jack was anxious to defeat Rockland next day and take the lead in the race for the championship. Everything, including the grandstand and other improvements, was now ready for Tuesday's opening in Marathon. The advance sale of grandstand seats all over town announced that there would be more spectators under cover than the 600 seats would accommodate.

"My goodness! Where would I have been at if I hadn't put in those extra 250 chairs?" said Jack to Arthur Hamilton.

"You'd have been in trouble, my boy. The people would have put up an awful kick at the lack of accommodations. As it is, I'm afraid you'll have to turn people away from the stand."

Tuesday morning's papers gave considerable space to the Coast League's opening at Marathon park that afternoon, printing the batting order of each team. Friskett, the new south-paw, and his own catcher, were down on the bills for Marathon, and that fact encouraged the Rocklanders, who feared Dallas, when they began steaming into the grounds shortly after noon, a large delegation coming over on the reserve steamboat of the Penobscott Navigation Co., which made a special trip for the occasion, and was to take them and the Rockland team back after the game.

Of course, Manager Darrell had his grandstand decorated out with bunting, and had hired the Marathon Band to entertain the growing crowd. Seats were reserved for the town dignitaries, who had accepted an invitation to attend in a body after their regular weekly meeting, while the private box Jack had had built for himself and the Hamiltons was spacious enough to hold Benjamin Seabury, Mrs. Darrell, Edith, who got leave of absence for the occasion, and Dallas's mother also. A tremendous mob packed the ground and taxed the capacity of the grandstand to the utmost when game was called, with Rockland at bat.

Ground rules were put in force, which limited a hit into or over the crowd to two bases, but a clean hit over the fence, or into either left or right bleachers, in fair ground, was to be counted a home run. With this understanding, the game began. Rockland scored a run in the opening inning, and in the third Marathon, amid a pandemonium of cheers, evened matters up. Thenceforward it was like drawing a tooth for either team to get a man around the bases, and the utmost excitement reigned on the ground.

"Your team seems to be making good, Darrell," remarked Mr. Seabury, when the boy magnate made his way to the box after counting up the day's receipts and settling with Rockland's representative in his office.

"I'm glad you think so, Mr. Seabury," replied Jack, glancing at the score-board and noting with satisfaction that the score was not against his side.

"It is any one's game up to this point. That left-handed pitcher you've got seems to be putting it all over my lads, but if they ever reach him it will be all day with Marathon."

"Oh, my fellows can bat some themselves," laughed Jack. The words were hardly out of his mouth before Wickers landed on an outcurve and sent it to the far corner of the grounds, over the heads of a three-deep fringe of spectators drawn up behind the rope. Ordinarily it would have been good for three bags, if not for a home run, but the ground rules made it a two-bagger.

"What's the matter with that hit?" asked Jack, with a pleased laugh, glancing at Amy Hamilton, who, with face flushed with excitement, was clapping her little gloved hands in common with the majority of the Marathon people, who shrieked like mad over the hit.

"It was a dandy," replied Mr. Seabury, "but I doubt if it will amount to anything." And he was right, for Wickers was left on second, as the next batter ballooned to short.

"It's too mean for anything that we didn't score this inning," said Amy, with a look of keen disappointment.

"Better luck next time," laughed Mr. Seabury.

"Here is a record of the day's receipts, Mr. Seabury," said Jack, "with a memorandum of your share, which I've paid over to Mr. Black." He handed the president of the league a slip of paper.

"A very satisfactory showing, Darrell," replied the Rockland magnate, after looking it over, "Nothing more than I expected after sizing this crowd up. I must congratulate you on the start you've made. I've heard something about your methods, and I'm bound to say that they are paying out. It was a good business move of yours to enlarge this stand. Why, you never would have been able to accommodate the people who were willing to pay the extra quarter for a covered chair if you hadn't done it. How many seats have you got now?"

"Six hundred."

"There must be more than a hundred standing up back and sitting in the aisles."

"There are. Over eight hundred tickets were taken in by the ticket-taker at the grandstand entrance."

"You're doing nobly, my boy magnate. You're a surprise to me. I didn't draw a bigger crowd last Saturday in Rockland, with everything in my favor. Why, Gibson must have lost a wad of money last season through his miserable obstinacy and of course we all suffered in proportion when we came over there. Under your management it looks as if we shall all share in your good business sagacity."

"I have no doubt you will, for the more people I can pull into the park, the more there will be to divide." During the balance of the game, which finally resulted in a victory for Marathon by the score of 3 to 2, Jack talked with Amy and her brother, particularly Amy. The girl congratulated him on his financial success, and in the end on the success of his team, and Jack never felt happier. There had probably never been anything like such a crowd in Marathon park before, unless at the free fireworks exhibition on the Fourth of July, when the summer hotels and cottages along Marathon beach were filled to their capacity.

It was a hilarious and delighted crowd, with the possible exception of several hundred dis-

pointed Rocklanders who had fondly expected to see their team win. The general-admission people crowded around Captain Bassett and his players as they started for the dressing room, and cheered them lustily. Bob Friskett had made good, in their estimation, for he had held the Rockland team down to six scattered hits. Two of his four free passes had developed into runs, it is true, but as Marathon had won out nobody cared for that now. Wickers and Egan had carried off the batting honors for their side, the former getting three hits and the latter two, both two-baggers. Bassett, at short, had accepted every chance offered, and his throwing to first was as accurate as a rifle shot. Altogether, the Marathon team was the idea of the hour, for it was now in the lead, with two games won and none lost. But, then, the season was young yet.

CHAPTER XIII.—Marathon's First Defeat.

On Thursday morning the Pimlico ball-tossers came over to Marathon to take the morning boat for Rockland, where the team was scheduled to play that afternoon. The Marathon players, accompanied by their manager, Arthur Hamilton, and Amy, took the same boat as far as Cinnebar, where they got off and went to one of the hotels for lunch.

At two o'clock they boarded a bus for the grounds. A big crowd was wending its way in the same direction. The showing that Marathon had made in its first two games had whetted public curiosity to see how the new team would fare at the hands of the Cinnebars. If Cinnebar won, she would be tied with Marathon for first place, and if Rockland also won, as was expected, the three teams would be even up. As Fred Dallas was on the cards to pitch, the Cinnebar fans were not at all sure which way the cat would jump. Baseball being a very uncertain game, it was quite possible that the Cinnebar players might do Dallas up, for they were putting up a great game. The park was almost crowded when the game began, and it soon developed into a pitchers' battle between Dallas and Waldron.

In the seventh inning the tide turned. Fred lost his grip, somehow, and when the smoke of the inning had passed away, five of the Cinnebar sluggers had dented the home plate, and that number of large and juicy runs went up on the score-board. Bassett sent Friskett in to pitch in the eighth, but the game was already lost, and when it was over there were nine goose-eggs up against Marathon and their rivals had six runs to their credit. The real surprise of the day, however, was the defeat of Rockland by Pimlico to the tune of 8 to 1. Jack was disappointed because his team had lost, but he was pleased to death with the size of his share of the afternoon's receipts. He took his players and the small contingent of Marathon fans back to town in a steam launch, as the Seabird had touched at Cinnebar two hours before.

"We can't win all the time," said Jack to his captain, while the launch was en route for home.

"But I counted on keeping in the lead, with Dallas in the box," replied Bassett, with a glum expression.

"Don't worry, old man. When the Cinnebars come to Marathon next Tuesday you can try and get your revenge. They put up a mighty fine game to-day. Good enough to make a big league team hustle."

At this point Fred Dallas came up.

"Well, what do you think of me, Jack? Disgusted? I got a horrible jolting in the seventh for fair. This is the first time I ever was taken out of the box."

"That isn't anything. The best pitchers in the world have their spots of hard luck and have to step down and out."

"I was so sure I had those fellows safe that all I looked for was a batting spurt on our side to win out."

"And all we got were three measly hits," growled Captain Bassett. "Wickers couldn't have hit a balloon, while my bat and Egan's seemed to be full of holes."

"Give the boys a course of batting practice tomorrow, for you want to do up Pimlico on Saturday," said Jack, leaving them, and walking over to where Amy sat.

"Isn't it too mean for anything," said the girl, "that we lost to-day?"

"It was simply the fortune of war, Miss Amy," he replied. "By the way, there's a good show at the Opera House to-night. Would you do me the honor of accompanying me there?"

"Why certainly, if you would like me to."

"I should consider it a great pleasure."

"Then, of course, I will go with you, Jack—I mean Mr. Darrell," she said, blushing vividly at the slip of the tongue.

"Why not call me Jack, Miss Amy? Everybody does, even your brother. It sounds more natural to me."

She looked down on the deck and didn't answer for a moment or two.

"Don't you think it would be just a little bit too familiar on my part," she said at length, with a sly glance into his face.

"Not at all. I'd like to call you Amy, if I dared. Edith is over head and ears in love with you, and says you're the sweetest girl in the world, and I perfectly agree with her."

"Now, Mr. Dar—"

"No—Jack."

"Well—Jack, then. Are you satisfied?" with a smile and a blush.

"Yes, if you won't forget to call me Jack all the time."

At this point Arthur Hamilton strolled up.

"Say, Jack, I hear you're going to have a rival," he said, with a smile.

"A rival! What do you mean?"

"Chester Wells has leased a plot of ground within a block of the park. He's going to fence it in, lay out a diamond, and run an independent baseball enterprise."

"He is?" replied Jack, somewhat astonished.

"Yes. He's hired most of Gibson's last season's team, and is in correspondence with many of the college men who summer down here. His idea is to get those lads to organize a college team and play his organization three times a week in an effort to do you out of some of your patronage."

"I'm not afraid of him hurting me much. He may capture a few of the summer visitors at odd times, but if he's going to rely on the Marathon

cast-offs to make a showing, I guess he'll play to empty benches."

"That's my opinion. He's got a sore head, and thinks he'll be able to injure you—the man, too, who saved his life. He ought to be ashamed of himself. It doesn't speak well for the blue blood he claims is in his veins. A gentleman is a gentleman always. Good clothes and good society do not always make one, and I think he's a good example of a round peg in a square hole."

"Well, he's welcome to run opposition to me if he thinks it will do him any good. I'm afraid he'll find it an expensive luxury. By the way, Mr. Hamilton, I have invited your sister to go with me to the Opera House to-night. Have you any objection?"

"None at all. You're welcome to take Amy anywhere she is willing to go with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hamilton. I will take the best of care of her."

The boat was now approaching the Marathon landing. The team received no demonstration this time on their arrival in town. As they rode up Main Street in the bus to their boarding-place they passed the newspaper offices, where the scores were posted up in the windows. That six runs to nothing looked mighty bad to the players, but they cheered themselves with the reflection that they would get square with Pimlico on Saturday. Perhaps they would, but as Pimlico had beaten the strong Rockland nine on its own grounds that afternoon by the score of 8 to 1, it wasn't at all certain that Marathon would do them up in the next game.

CHAPTER XIV.—A Dastardly Project.

A large and enthusiastic crowd gathered at Marathon Park, Saturday afternoon, notwithstanding that the weather looked somewhat threatening, and the ducats that rolled into the box-office made Jack's heart glad. It began to rain in the fourth inning and game had to be suspended for ten minutes, with the score 3 to 1 in Pimlico's favor. It began to look as if the rain-checks that had been given out would reduce the young manager's profits at the next game on the home ground, for four and one-half innings had to be played to make the game a legal one.

However, it cleared up a bit, much to Jack's relief, and no doubt to the satisfaction of the Pimlico players, who saw victory before them.

They got a jolt in the fifth inning, however, that changed their views a bit. With two men on bases, Kendrick, the doughty right-fielder, put the ball over the fence for a home run, evenning up the score. That hit aroused the first real enthusiasm of the day, and the Marathonites made Rome howl for a few minutes. As the first batter for Pimlico opened up with a three-bagger, and Dallas gave the next man a pass, and hit the third, things began to look dark again for the home team—about as dark as the sky that threatened a renewal of the shower. With the bases full, none out, and Pimlico's crack slugger up, the crowd began to root for rain. And they got it, too—a good soaking most of them. But they didn't care, for the game ended then and there a tie, and Pimlico lost what looked to be certain

victory. Cinnebar, however, won from Rockland on their own grounds and took the lead, pushing Marathon into second place. Jack, however, was pleased, because he wouldn't have to redeem the rain-checks, and the balance to his credit looked big and fat as the result of the first four games of the season.

"I guess I'll make baseball pay in this burg," he told his sister, as they sat in the office, after the people had left the grounds.

"That will be just grand, Jack. Mother will be so happy to know that you're making money."

"It's about time I made some, don't you think? I'm nineteen years old, and the head of the family. I ought to make a showing, and you can bet on it, sis, I'm going to do it."

"Amy didn't come to the game to-day, did she?" said his sister.

"No. The weather looked too bad. Besides, she didn't want to leave her brother. He couldn't stir out a day like this. He's been a good friend to me, Edith, and I never will forget him. He's given me the opportunity of my life."

"I think he didn't do more than he ought, for you risked your life to save his sister from death."

"I'd risk my life any day for her, without a thought of getting anything for it."

"I guess Amy occupies more of your thoughts than anything else," laughed his sister, slyly.

"Oh, nonsense!" flushed Jack.

"Amy is a dear, good girl, and I like her better than any girl I ever met," she said. "I'd like nothing better than to have her for a sister. I am almost sure that you love her, Jack, and I know she thinks an awful lot of you—she has told me so."

"Has she?" asked Jack, very much interested. "Do you think I really stand any show with her?"

"I am sure you do. If you really care for her, let her see it in a way that girls like, and then maybe—"

"Maybe what?"

"Some day she really may become my sister."

"If I can make her your sister, Edith, you can bet your life I will," replied the young magnate, kissing her.

Shortly afterward the weather cleared up and Jack and his sister went home, with the proceeds of the day's game in his pocket. Marathon won from Cinnebar on Tuesday, and that was balm to the hearts of Jack's team; but from that to Decoration Day it was a sort of see-saw experience with them, which left the standing of the clubs on the morning of May 30 as follows:

Cinnebar, 8 won, 3 lost; Marathon, 6 won, 4 lost; Rockland, 4 won, 7 lost; Pimlico, 3 won, 7 lost.

On Decoration Day, Marathon played at Pimlico in the morning and drew a good crowd, winning the game by the score of 3 to 2. In the afternoon Pimlico came to Marathon Park and, before a crowd as big as that of the opening day, defeated Jack's team by the score of 3 to 1. Rockland won both games from Cinnebar, and jumped up the scale. From a pecuniary point of view, Jack was 'way ahead on the Decoration Day receipts, and as his team was only a single game behind the leaders, he was feeling pretty good, especially as Amy and her brother honored his mother's humble home at dinner, and spent an enjoyable evening there.

During the month of June, Cinnebar continued to play a strong game, and maintained its lead with a small margin over Rockland, which had pushed Marathon into third place, while Pimlico seemed destined to finish as a tail-ender, though it always proved a stumbling-block to Jack's ball-tossers. The race was very close among the three first-named teams, and no one could hazard a reliable guess as to which would win the pennant. The result was that all the games drew good crowds, especially in Marathon, where Jack was piling up a good bank account as the days went by. On the Fourth of July, Marathon was taken on a special boat to Rockland and whipped Mr. Seabury's team in the morning game. After a lunch provided by the president of the league, the two teams were carried up the bay to Marathon, where, before a record crowd, Jack's players won a second time, amid the wildest enthusiasm.

Chester Wells started his ball-ground on the Fourth, with a game between the Marathon "Misfits," as Bassett called them, and a college nine of summer visitors. The diamond was not enclosed, as Chester found that such a plan would be too costly, so that anybody could walk up and view the game for nothing. He had erected a grandstand, with a small bar underneath it, and to this elect place he charged a quarter for a seat. He took in less than \$10, for only the personal friends and relatives of the college boys could be induced to remain away from the league game at the park. The free crowd was made of small boys, and a few others who couldn't get into the park. Altogether, Chester didn't do Jack Darrell much damage that day.

Jack took Amy and Fred Dallas escorted Edith to an exhibition of fireworks near one of the big hotels that night. Chester was there, too, and it made him furious to see how thick the boy magnate was getting with the pretty sister of Arthur Hamilton. Before he had been so unfortunate as to nearly drown the girl, he had been figuring on having her all to himself that summer; but Coffin Ledge had done him out of both his sailboat and the girl, and he had never forgiven Jack for saving her and thus getting the inner track of him in more ways than one. He followed Jack and Amy, as they strolled through the crowd, and the longer he watched their confidential companionship the more jealous and angry he became at the young baseball manager.

"The beggar is getting a swelled head over his success with the franchise. I'd give a thousand dollars to get him in a hole. I wonder how I could do it? I wish some of these fireworks would only travel up toward the park and set his grandstand on fire. That would bust him up for fair, for it would take double his season's profits to put up a new one, besides the loss of time."

Chester's vindictive feelings were perhaps largely due to the fact that he was not thoroughly sober, for he had patronized his own bar pretty freely during the progress of the game between his team, captained by Jake Spindler, the first baseman, and the college lads, who, by the way, had easily done up the "Misfits," and he had drank more since, so that he was in a pretty condition. It happened that while trying to keep track of Jack and Amy he encountered Jake Spindler, who was also somewhat mellowed by drinking. Spindler hated Darrell worse, if any-

thing, than Chester did, and was just aching for a chance to get back at the young magnate. He was satisfied that he had been treated in a low-down manner by Jack, because our hero had not signed him to play first base on the new team. In his own mind, although in no one else's, he could hold down the first cushion in a style worthy of an expert in his palmiest days, and it grated on his feelings to feel that he had been cast aside like an old shoe.

As a matter of fact, he had given a "rotten" exhibition during the previous season, being unable to handle half of Bassett's swift passes from short, and had contributed not a little to many of the defeats Marathon had sustained. As soon as Spindler saw Chester he caught him by the arm and persuaded him to take another drink, and their conversation soon came around to Jack Darrell. Chester foolishly confided to him his wish that Jack's baseball aspirations might be nipped in the bud if the fireworks were only nearer to his grandstand. Spindler thought he saw an opening to get square with Jack and make some money at the same time, for he knew that Chester Wells could command a lot of cash. He was also drunk enough to be dangerous.

"Give me \$500, old man," he said, familiarly, to the young aristocrat. "and if that grandstand doesn't catch fire to-night, I'm a liar."

"How will \$500 make it catch fire?" hiccupped Chester.

"Never you mind. Cough up the \$500 and you'll see what you'll see."

Chester tried to get the problem through his head, but couldn't. Spindler paid for another drink and egged Chester on by telling him he was afraid to put up so much money. That made Wells angry, and he said he'd give him \$500 next day if the park stand was destroyed that night.

Spindler made him put it down on paper, and when he had the signed document in his hand he told Chester that he might consider the job as good as done, for he was going to see about it right away.

The rascally ball player at once started off to put the dastardly plan in execution, while Chester walked off, unsteadily, towards his home.

CHAPTER XV.—The Plot That Failed.

It happened, however, that this conversation between Chester Wells and Jake Spindler was overheard by Frank Bassett and Tom Wickers, who were standing not far from the spot where the two were incautiously giving expression to their thoughts. When Spindler started off, Bassett gripped Wickers by the arm.

"I believe that rascal means to try and carry out that design of his. You follow him and if you find an officer, give him in charge, if not, keep on his track. I'm going to hunt up Jack. He's around here somewhere with Miss Hamilton. Dallas is with him, too, with Jack's sister, whom he is sweet on. I'll put Jack wise to this crooked scheme, and the chances are we'll go right out to the park to head that scalawag off. Chase yourself, now, and don't, on your life, lose sight of Spindler."

Bassett was lucky enough to run across Jack.

Fred and the girls inside of five minutes, and he started the quartet with the information he brought.

"I must go out there at once with you, Bassett. Fred, will you take charge of Miss Hamilton? Amy, will you excuse me under the circumstances?"

Dallas promised to take Amy home, and the young lady said that of course she would excuse Jack in such an emergency. So the boy magnate and the captain of his team started for Main Street and boarded a car that ran to a point beyond the ball grounds. All was dark around the park when the boys arrived there.

The keeper and his family had turned in some time before and were fast asleep. After carefully inspecting the immediate neighborhood, Jack aroused his employee and told him to bring his revolver down with him. When the man appeared, the young manager told him that he had information, which he considered reliable, that an enemy of his intended to try and fire the grandstand that night, and he proposed to keep watch for a while for the purpose of preventing such a disaster, as well as to try and catch the villain in the act.

The three then held a consultation and decided to hide in different parts of the foundation of the stand. A hour went by, and then Jack saw a figure crossing the diamond in the dim moonlight, with a bundle under his arm. He came directly toward the grandstand, and as soon as he got close to it the boy magnate recognized him as Jake Spindler. There was no sign of Wickers at his heels, so Jack came to the conclusion that his clever catcher had missed the fellow somewhere on the road.

Spindler soon reached the foundation of the stand, and, striking a match, looked around. He hit upon a suitable spot to start the blaze, unconscious that his every movement was being watched. The package under his arm consisted of a bag of excelsior.

He pushed the inflammable stuff under the boards of the flooring of the bar, and then taking a bottle of naphtha from his pocket he soaked the bunch of excelsior well with it. Then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he struck a match and started to set the mass on fire.

Had he been permitted to start a blaze in that naphtha-soaked excelsior the grandstand, as well as all the adjacent buildings, would have been utterly destroyed in a short time. But his Nemesis was upon him in the person of Jack Darrell, who sprang upon him and bore him to the ground.

"You rascal, what are you about to do? Here, Bassett and Andrews, come quick and help me secure this fellow."

Spindler struggled desperately to release himself, but Jack held on to him with a vise-like grip until his companions ran up, and then it was all night with the contemptible and villainous baseball player. Andrews had brought a cord in his pocket and Spindler was soon helpless.

They marched him into the office, where Jack telephoned to the police station for an officer, explaining the circumstances over the wire. He was told that a policeman would be sent to the grounds at once to take charge of the prisoner. The officer reached the place in half an hour. Jack

took him out to the grandstand and showed him the evidence of Spindler's attempted crime.

"You had a narrow escape, Darrell," said the policeman. "Why, in an hour's time the whole place would have been beyond saving. I'll put the handcuffs on that chap and take him back with me."

As soon as Spindler was manacled, Bassett placed his hand in his pocket, drew out a piece of paper and handed it to Jack.

"Read that. It will give you the name of this fellow's aider and abetter."

Jack glanced over the paper, which ran as follows:

"I promise to pay Jake Spindler \$500 for services rendered on the night of July 4, provided I am satisfied that he has carried them out.

"(Signed) Chester Wells."

That was all, but it was enough to show that the son of the foremost citizen of Marathon was both reckless and unprincipled. The first thing Jack did next morning after breakfast was to call at the Marathon Inn and have an interview with Arthur Hamilton. After Darrell had explained the facts, and handed Hamilton Chester's I. O. U., the president of the New England League expressed his sentiments right from the shoulder. He was justly indignant at the outrage which had been attempted on the energetic young manager, and was anxious to see the guilty ones punished.

"Chester Wells is a young scoundrel," he said, "The evidence of Bassett and Wickers, backed up this I. O. U., and the subsequent capture of Spindler in the act of firing the grandstand, warrants the immediate arrest of Wells as the prime mover in the affair. The fact that he was somewhat intoxicated at the time is no excuse. It simply brought to the surface what the rascal had in his heart against you. There is no reason why his respectable connections should shield him from the consequences of his villainy, and the other fellow be sent up because he has no influential friends. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I insist that you act at once in this matter, and have a warrant issued for Well's arrest. If their scheme had succeeded you would have been left without a ball park right in the middle of the season, and the loss must have been fatal to your success. I promised not to interfere in your business arrangements, but this is too serious a matter for me to let you overlook. You must prosecute Chester Wells."

"Very well, sir. I will apply to the magistrate at once," replied Jack.

In the meantime, Spindler awoke to the seriousness of the situation he found himself in, and knowing that the only person he could apply to in this emergency was his wealthy accomplice, whose social position he thought would protect them both; he sent a message to Chester, explaining his predicament, and asking him to call and see him, which Wells, in some trepidation, did. Spindler didn't mince his words in Chester's presence.

"You're just as guilty, or even more so than I am. You put me up to do it."

"That's a lie!" replied Chester, furiously.

"Is it?" sneered Jake. "You promised me \$500 if I succeeded in destroying the park grandstand last night. You know you did. At any rate, you gave me your I. O. U. for that amount."

Chester Wells was fairly staggered and not a little alarmed.

"What shall I do?" he gasped.

"Do? Why, go and see your father at once, and get him to take means to save the both of us."

"Oh, Lord! He'll never forgive me!" groaned Chester.

"Never mind that. He won't see you sent to prison, if he can help it. But remember, he's got to save me, too, or it will be worse for you."

Chester Wells hurried away, terribly upset. As he was entering his home he was arrested by a policeman on the magistrate's warrant and brought back to the jail. An hour later he and Spindler were arraigned in court, and the charge against them created a sensation for the newspapers and the whole town of Marathon. Jack Darrell, Frank Bassett, Tom Wickers, Anderson, the ground-keeper and the officer who had arrested Spindler were in court and testified, and Jack handed Chester Wells's note to the magistrate as an exhibit in the case. Arthur Hamilton was also present to see that justice was meted out to the offenders. The prisoners were held on heavy bail, which Banker Wells furnished for his son, but refused to Spindler. Subsequently, both were brought to trial, and, in spite of the efforts of eminent counsel, furnished by Mr. Wells, in an effort to save his son, were convicted and sentenced to ten years each in the State prison.

CHAPTER XVI.—How the Boy Magnate Won the Pennant.

On September 14th the season closed, with Marathon and Rockland tied for first place, and, of course, this tie had to be played off. Accordingly, the date for the crucial game was set for the following Saturday afternoon. Jack and Mr. Seabury tossed up for choice of grounds, and the boy magnate won. The day turned out an ideal one for the contest, and the navigation company's two boats were pressed into service to bring the mob of Rockland fans to Marathon and take them back after the game. Twenty special policemen were sworn in for the occasion to preserve order. A piece of bad luck struck Jack's team at Friday's exhibition game with Pimlico—Kendrick, his hard-hitting right-fielder, was badly hurt, and had to be replaced by Bob Friskett's catcher. The gates were thrown open at one o'clock, and from that hour until three, when play was called, the people poured into the park in a steady stream. There were 5,000 spectators present when the game began.

Jack himself was on the field in uniform to assist his captain in coaching. In the fourth inning the Rockland team jumped on Dallas and made three runs, but Fred was not taken from the box. When Marathon went to bat in their half of the fourth, Tom Wickers was first up. Then the team got another stroke of hard luck. Tom was hit by a pitched ball and knocked unconscious.

"You'll have to get into the game, Jack," said Bassett, when it was seen that Wickers was out for good. When the boy magnate walked to first base in place of Wickers, a tremendous cheer went up from the Marathonites, who knew his

record as a slugger. He failed to score, and the game went on, with Jack in his old position behind the bat. When he came to bat in the seventh he was implored to line the ball over the fence, but the best he could do was a high foul, which was smothered by the Rockland backstop, and the Marathon fans groaned their disappointment. At last the ninth inning came around, with the score 3 to 0 against Marathon.

"It's all over but the shouting!" sang out a happy Rockland rooter. And it seem so, for the first two batters for Marathon were easy victims. Then Bassett made a hit, Egan followed with a Texas leaguer, and the next man was presented with his base. The crowd held its breath as Jack Darrell walked up to the plate. A clean hit would score two runs, and give Marathon a chance to tie the game, or a smash over the fence, or into the bleachers, would clear the bases and win. The silence was painful as Rockland's twirler prepared to deliver the ball. It came at Jack like a rifle shot. Crack! Jack's bat met it on the trade-mark and the ball went soaring toward the center-field fence, like a frightened bird, with Rockland's fielder on a dead run after it.

Every runner started for the plate amid a pendemonium of noise, which only the falls of Niagara could have drowned, with Jack scurrying in the rear. In another moment the crowd saw that it was going over the fence, and then the Marathon people fairly stood on their heads with joy. Marathon had won the pennant, and the boy magnate had turned the trick. He was caught by the mob that surged onto the diamond, lifted off his feet and carried in triumph to the dressing-room, where he was cheered for ten minutes. Later on, when he entered his office, Amy and her brother were there to meet and congratulate him. Amy was so excited that she forgot herself, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him twice, and Jack thought that the best of all.

Arthur Hamilton laughed as his sister fell back in confusion when she realized what she had done. When Jack footed up, with his sister, the total receipts of the season, and had deducted all expenses, he found that he had done twice as well as he had been led to expect at the start. He refunded to Hamilton every dollar that gentleman had advanced, and was still comfortably ahead. At the annual meeting of the league, Jack was presented with the silken pennant and highly complimented by his associate managers. He made a speech, in which he declared that, if possible, he would do better next season, and they believed him and cheered the sentiment.

And he did do better, if anything, next year, and won the flag again, hands down. He is now in his fifth year as manager of the Marathons, and in addition is president of the Coast League. What he is prouder of than anything is the fact that he is going to marry Amy Hamilton the coming June, and Arthur Hamilton says he wouldn't ask for a smarter brother-in-law. Dallas, Bassett and Wickers are still members of the Marathon team, and they say that there is no one like Jack Darrel, The Boy Magnate, who made baseball pay.

Next week's issue will contain "MAKING MONEY; or, A WALL STREET MESSENGER'S LUCK."

CURRENT NEWS

BOY USES ROUGE AND DIES

James Devlin, seventeen, of No. 139 Gleane st., Elmhurst, Queens, N. Y., buried recently, died of blood poisoning caused, according to physicians, by the use of a lip stick when he appeared in an amateur performance.

OLD "NILOMETER" IN PERIL

Egyptologists are anxious over the condition of the ancient "nilometer," a pillar with graduated markings indicating the height of the water in the Nile. The pillar is in Old Cairo. It stands in a well which communicates with the river, but now, after many centuries, it is sinking, and a committee has been appointed to consider means of saving it.

The nilometer's age is unknown. Some antiquarians believe it to be the identical pillar mentioned in the first century of the Christian era by Pliny.

DRAGGED SAFE TO WOODS

After an all-night pursuit, in which police of several northern suburbs of Boston took part, Arthur and Leo Landry of Revere, brothers, were arrested recently near Saugus, charged with breaking and entering. In Malden Court, later, they were held in \$10,000 bail each for the Grand Jury.

When captured they were engaged in opening a safe weighing 900 pounds, which had been taken from the offices of the Locke Coal Company at Malden. The safe was rolled out of the offices, hooked on to an automobile and dragged to the Saugus woods.

TO DIG UP CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Experimental preliminary excavations will be begun soon to determine the cost and advisability of carrying out a complete excavation of the Circus Maximus, between the Palatine and Aventine Hills, Rome.

This work has been started and abandoned several times in the last few years, but it now has been decided by Royal Commissioner Cremonesi that the preliminary digging shall be carried out under state supervision but at private expense. If this proves the advisability of continuing the work, arrangements will be made to finance the complete excavation.

MALARIA OVERRUNS RUSSIA

Statistic presented to the Third Russian National Malaria Congress which opened in Moscow, Russia, recently, indicate there are about 5,352,349 cases of malaria in that country. This is twice as many as in 1913. The mortality, however, is lower than in 1923.

The districts most affected are the lower Volga regions of Northern Caucasia, the Ural district of Siberia and the mining districts of the Ukraine. Two medical representatives of the League of Nations are participating in the congress, which will continue all week.

BEAVERS IN MONTANA

The beaver is not shy where he is not hunted and acquires confidence in a friendly watcher sooner than any other animal I know. Strangers or unusual clothes on a person to whom they have become accustomed alarm them, though, like dogs, they can apparently identify an acquaintance by scent.

The beavers' sense of smell is very acute, for he is able to scent a man two hundred yards away, and his eyesight is also most keen, but he seems to be dull of hearing when at work, and I have often walked to within a few feet of one while he was cutting wood. Their method of warning each other of danger is by slapping or "smothering" the water with the long, flat tail which is so characteristic a feature of the animal and which not only helps him in swimming, but is used in carrying mud. If a large animal appears at a place where beavers want to work or feed the latter will often "smother" the water continually, one after another joining in, till the intruder is scared away. I have had a thorough wetting at night while watching a pond through the splashing made by this trick.

I saw my first beavers in the Musselshell river in Montana. At first they dived whenever they became aware of my presence, but after about three months they paid no attention when they scented me, and in six months they would swim around or cut bushes within a few feet of me. In fact, they repeatedly stole my fishing poles cut from green willows until I learned to use dry ones.

THE AGE OF ANIMALS

The highest age that can be attained by the various species of animals is very different and no regularities have been observed. Among mammals it can generally be said that the large animals live to be older than the small ones, but this law is not valid among the birds, the parrot, for example, reaching the same age as the eagle. Several kinds of polyps live for fifty years; the leech up to twenty-seven years; the river crawfish seventy years; spiders mostly one to two years. Beetles have been kept prisoners five years. The queen bee often lives to be five years old, while the working bees usually live for only six weeks. Ants were observed in captivity up to fifteen years. The toad is said to attain forty years. A turtle was kept in captivity 150 years; the specimen in question may have been as much as 300 years old. The age of birds is known best. The household cock lives fifteen to twenty years, the goose and the eider-duck 100 years; the swan 102 years; the fish-heron sixty years; the stork seventy; the falcon 162; the golden eagle 104; the vulture 118; the horn-owl more than sixty-eight, perhaps 100 years; the blackbird eighteen; the canary as much as twenty-four; the parrot above 100 years. Of the mammals the ass sometimes attains 106 years; the horse forty to sixty; the sheep twenty; the dog twenty-eight; the cat twenty-two; the elephant and the whale 200 years.

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or, —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

"And I believe in looking at the worst, so as to prepare for the best," replied Silas, sagely.

"Besides," he added, "the season is dead agin' us. S'pose it comes to a blizzard. Well?"

"I've lived through three blizzards in Colorado. I'm not afraid," laughed Gus.

"That hain't a-saying that you will survive the fourth in Idaho. This here's a wuss climate nor Colorado; yet thar's some peculiar things about this here Bitter Root country which every one don't know."

"Which are what?"

"Lemme explain, Gus."

"I wish you would. That's just what I'm waiting for."

"Waal, yer see whar we be is really over the Great Divide, ez they call it, and if it warn't for the height of the land we orter get something of the mild climate of California. Now, away among the Bitter Roots thar are deep valleys what are so sheltered from the cold northeast winds and protected from the tail-end of the northwester what we get here, that, ez one might say, they don't get no winds at all."

"And what's the result?"

"What's the result, boy? Waal, the result is a climate like the glorious climate of California, mild weather, when everywhere else it's freezing, and the green grass growing all the year round."

"Oh, come now!" cried Gus, skeptically.

"Yer don't believe it, hey?" asked Silas. "Waal, wait till yer see, that's all. It's true."

"I've heard something of the sort before," said Gus. "My father used to tell about the warm valley in Idaho, but he attributed the temperature to the hot springs which are always found in them."

"Did he, now?" replied Silas. "Waal, thar hain't no denying that thar be hot springs in every one of the warm valleys whatever I see, but that hain't got nothing at all to do with the proposition. "It's the winds. Howsoever, you'll soon have a chance to judge for yourself, for whether we work out our business on the lines of proposition No. 1 or proposition No. 2, we are pretty sure to strike one of them. There hain't no manner of doubt in my mind but what the Gopher's hang-out is in one of them, and that your man Orlando Blake has his hold-out right in among them fellers. How else would George Brandt be able to get that thar money to him if he wasn't standing in with the gang?"

The two propositions, as Silas called them, were these:

No. 1 consisted in following the trail, providing they struck a point where the rain had not entirely destroyed it.

No. 2, to be adopted in case of the failure of No. 1, was that they would ascend a certain peak which Silas knew of, where there was an old stone hut erected by a government exploring party. Here Silas proposed to tie up for a few days and watch for what he called "smoke trails."

He claimed to be able to identify every column of smoke usually visible from the peak, and if a strange smoke appeared it would be safe to assume that it might be a clue worth following.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Silas claimed to know all the ins and outs of the Bitter Root range.

The canyon, after running on a level for four or five miles, began to gradually ascend.

By eight o'clock they struck the snow.

Here it had rained some, and the snow which remained was firmly frozen.

"We shall strike the trail within ten minutes," said Silas, oracularly. "You see, boy, the snow here when softened up by the rain all ran together, and so cut out the trail, but a little further up it will be different. By the way, I hain't said nothing yet to compliment you on your riding, but you do hug a broncho pretty blamed well."

"Why shouldn't I? I was taught to ride before I was five years old. But look here, Sile, there's your trail."

"Surest thing!" growled Silas. "Of course I knowed we'd hit it, seeing that we couldn't do anything else. Coz why, unless the Gophers turned around and come back, which wasn't likely, they must have gone ahead, don't ye see?"

"By which you mean to say that there is no way out of the canyon up to this point?"

"Of course I mean to say so, and didn't I say it? Now all we have to do is to follow the trail until we come to where the snow what we got as rain buried it up, and that's what becomes of your proposition No. 1."

Now, proposition No. 1 had been Gus's while No. 2 came from the guide himself.

Naturally Silas had not much confidence in Gus's judgment, for that is the way with old Western prospectors.

Each one will tell you that he knows the mountains as no one else ever did know them or ever can.

But just the same Silas Stump was close upon a mystery where he would be obliged to own himself stumped for once.

And having fairly started Gus off with the guide, we shall reserve said mystery for the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

The Girl In The Bearskin Coat.

The bronchos which Gus and the guide rode were an excellent pair of animals, for Gus had put up the money to buy them—it took half his capital—and he instructed Silas to buy the best, and the result was the sturdy little animals made the gradual ascent of the canyon with almost no signs of fatigue.

For ten miles further they followed on between those high rocky walls, the canyon taking many windings, when all at once they came out upon

a pass which led by steep ascent to a level some two hundred feet above.

This was the end of the canyon.

Silas informed Gus that above them lay the flat top of the first rise of the Bitter Root range.

The view which now burst upon Gus's vision was amazingly beautiful, and very extensive.

In that pure, clear atmosphere they could see for hundreds of miles in every direction.

Peak rose above peak; the range seemed endless.

Dark, wooded valleys lay between them and as Gus viewed them they seemed to be quite inaccessible.

"Huh!" growled Silas, when he spoke to him about them. "I've been in every one of them there valleys a hundred times. There hain't no hole nor corner in the Bitter Root what hain't well known to me."

This was tall talk, and Silas had put in a lot of it during the morning.

Gus was beginning to wonder whether his guide might not be a bit of a humbug, after all, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the clatter of hoofs on ahead, and looking up, he saw coming toward them down the steep incline a person mounted on a broncho, wearing a long fur coat and a round cap of the same material.

"Look!" he cried. "There comes a young fellow. Who can it be?"

"It's a girl," said Silas. "Can't you see her face?"

"It does look like a girl, but she's dressed like a man, all right."

"She's dressed to ride that broncho, and to keep warm. I've seen her in Black Rock. She's a girl, all right; don't know her name. I remember that b'arskin coat. She hain't sighted us yet. She will in a minute, though."

The girl rider seemed to be looking in every direction but theirs, and taking in the view.

Gus gave a shout to attract her attention.

The cry was evidently heard, for the girl instantly reined in her broncho, put her hand to her forehead and stared.

Then, suddenly wheeling her horse around, she went dashing back up the hill.

"What in thunder! Hev we scared her?" Silas exclaimed.

"We want to come up with her if we can," cried Gus. "I'll make a dash ahead."

"Hold on!" he shouted. "We want to inquire our way! Stop till I can come up."

Gus put spurs to his broncho and sent him up the slope on the run.

His horse was evidently the better of the two, and before the girl had reached the top of the rise Gus had almost overtaken her.

She could hear him coming, of course, but she never once looked back.

At the top of the rise there was a thick growth of spruce trees, and the girl urged her horse in among them.

Thus far the trail of the Gophers had remained plainly marked, and here on the level at the entrance to this mountain forest it led off to the right, following the edge of a precipice, for here on that side a deep gulch began.

The girl, however, took to the left, and this was the more singular, as on that side Gus could see that the snow lay in an unbroken sheet among the trees.

"Hold on, sister!" shouted Gus. "No one wants

to do you any harm. We merely wish to inquire the way."

The girl wheeled around in the saddle, but made no effort to pull in on the rein.

"Go back!" she cried. "Go back! There is no way out here. Go back, unless you wish to go to your death."

"Pull in!" answered Gus. "I only want a word with you. Don't be afraid."

Again the girl wheeled about in the saddle.

"Afraid!" she fairly screamed. "Who's afraid? It is you who ought to be afraid. Let me show you how we shoot up here in the Bitter Roots, then talk of me being afraid."

Then on the instant she threw up a rifle and fired.

As the bullet came whizzing over toward him Gus tried to turn his horse aside.

Perhaps this saved his life, for he caught the zip of the bullet as it went whizzing past his ear.

"Follow me any further and that's what you will get!" cried the girl, and off she flew among the trees.

Gus pulled in.

Under the circumstances it seemed hardly worth while to attempt to cultivate the acquaintance of the girl in the bearskin coat.

"Come back!" Silas was shouting behind him. "If a woman don't want to talk all Halifax can't make her. Come back hyar, Gus, and see what I've found."

Silas had struck the mystery.

When Gus got back to where he was standing by his horse and dismounted one glance was sufficient to put him in the same puzzled frame of mind as the guide.

Here all trails ended.

The snow, with its icy crust, made the hoof-prints plainly marked.

The trail of the Gophers led single file right to the edge of the precipice. Beyond there was an abrupt descent of some two thousand feet into a narrow, thickly wooded valley.

Further on along the edge of the precipice, and indeed, everywhere under the trees except where the girl had gone, the crust of the snow was unbroken.

This was mystery enough for it looked as if the whole Gopher band had deliberately ridden over the edge of the precipice, single file; but to add to the mystery, the fresh hoof marks of the girl's horse began right here alongside of the older trail.

Thus while it would appear that the Gophers had ridden off into space, it also looked as though this unsociable lady in the bearskin coat had come upon the ridge out of thin air.

Silas pulled out a big plug of tobacco, and biting off a piece which certainly looked as though it was more than any man could chew, exclaimed:

"Waal, blame me ef I hain't stumped!"

"The stumping of Silas Stump," laughed Gus. "Here's a mystery and a half. Honest Injun, now, Silas, did you ever come this way before?"

"Did I ever? Why, of course I did. I know this here place like a book. Never seed nothing like that before, though. It clean gets away with me."

"You have been down in that valley?"

(To be continued.)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

INDOOR ANTENNA

Many receiving sets will work very well on indoor antenna. If you live where it is difficult to put up a good outdoor antenna, try the indoor variety with a good set.

SAVE YOUR BATTERY

Two dry cells in parallel will last more than twice as long as one dry cell on the same load, because the efficiency of these cells remains higher on the lower current consumption. It is economical, therefore, to use a double bank of batteries connected to a dry-cell tube.

BODY CAPACITY

By connecting the movable plates of a condenser to the ground or filament side of the circuit the effect of body capacity can generally be eliminated. The difference in the connections is more noticeable when weak signals are received. In the case of the antenna series condenser the rectary plates should be connected to the wire leading to the ground, and the stationary plates to the antenna.

RADIO TIPS

Use a loop aerial for summer reception.
Charge your batteries frequently.
Storage B batteries are cheaper in the end.
Eliminate static by using only the ground.
A one-tube set will not operate on a loop aerial.
Don't force your loud speaker for more volume.
Send your favorite broadcasting station a card of thanks occasionally.
Keep a log of your dial settings of stations tuned in.
Grease the terminal of your storage battery to prevent corrosion.
Solder all connections in your set.
Keep B batteries in a cool place.
Look for a dead B battery if set works poorly.

INCREASING THE VOLUME OF THE RECEIVER

A well-known practice is to connect a condenser across the secondary of an audio-frequency transformer, for the purpose of clearing up the signals. However, this practice is found to cut down the volume of the signals to a considerable extent. However, there is a good feature to this practice that is not generally appreciated, and that is the greater current flow that may be used in the audio-frequency side of the circuit. It is therefore suggested that when a condenser is connected across the transformer, it is well to introduce more plate voltage in the circuit of the tube which has the condenser. A 22½-volt "B" battery may be added to restore the signal strength lost through the use of the condenser, while the clarity of the signals remains.

LOUD SPEAKERS

The electrodynamic type of loud speaker should not be confused with the more common non-power type of loud-speaker. The former

has an energized magnetic field, which calls for an additional drain on the A-battery, while the latter operates directly off the output of the receiver, without additional current consumption. However, the electrodynamic type is capable of great volume, especially for dancing. One of the electrodynamic loud-speakers now comes with an adjustable electromagnetic field, so as to regulate the volume. The adjustment is in the form of a resistance connected with the electromagnetic winding of the field. Thus the loud-speaker may be operated without power excitation, or with more and more power excitation until the full electromagnetic field is obtained, which calls for about three-quarter ampere current consumption from the A-battery. As far as tonal qualities are concerned, the writer of these lines finds that the electrodynamic type is deeper, richer and more realistic than the general run of non-power loud-speakers.

EFFECT OF COLD WAVES

A new natural phenomenon, in the form of cold waves, improves radio transmission, especially at a distance of between 250 to 300 kilometers, radio engineers of the Bureau of Standards at Washington state. In daylight, cold waves affect radio transmission long-wave signals from transatlantic stations at New Brunswick and Tuckerton, N. J., a preliminary report from the Bureau points out.

The signal strength varied and the apparent direction of the sending station deviated, according to the observations. From a moderate distance the signal strength was found to be quite uniform during most of the year, but with the coming strength of cold waves in January, the signals increased to more than twice their normal strength. At the same period there were deviations of many degrees in the apparent directions of the transmitting stations shown by a radio compass, even in forenoons, when long-wave compass bearings are usually free from errors.

When cold waves subsided at the end of January, uniform transmission conditions were not restored, but an unstable condition persisted throughout the milder weather of February and March. The signals frequently fluctuated from high to normal values, through apparently no connection with the weather. After March 19, the irregularities disappeared.

Observations on other long-wave stations indicated that these large variations do not occur at a distance of 50 kilometers, but are large between 250 and 300 kilometers and again decrease between 400 and 700 kilometers.

No definite explanation of this phenomenon has been found, although the cause is believed to be atmospherical. The connection with the cold wave suggests that either the part of the atmosphere concerned with the signal variations lies much below the Heaviside layer, between 80 and 100 kilometers, or that weather phenomena are correlated with atmospheric action at much greater heights than has been supposed.

GOOD READING

NEGROES BARRED BY MEXICO

An application received on behalf of 1,000 Negro families who proposed to emigrate from the United States and colonize in Mexico has been rejected by the Interior Department, admission of the party to Mexico being denied.

LONDON RESORTS GET JOLT

Proprietors and habitues of London night clubs suffered a jolt recently on learning that Scotland Yard has had its eye on them for weeks. Detectives have attended all the principal clubs, gathering evidence for the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, who is preparing a bill for Parliament under which the police would have greater powers of supervision.

The detectives have been powerless to act even when they witnessed the selling of liquor out of hours, as the present law provides the police must have a search warrant before acting. The Home Secretary hopes to remedy this by Parliamentary action.

PENSION CHECKS

The Post Office Department requires all carriers to deliver pension checks to the pensioners direct, except where the pensioner gives a written statement to deliver it to some one else. In the case of a written order to deliver it to some one else this order must be made out monthly. This is in the form of a safeguard to the pensioner and the Post Office, as they will be able to tell whether the pensioner is getting his check and is still living.

In cities the carriers are required to deliver the checks direct. They are ordered not to leave pension checks in boxes, whether locked or not, even should they ring a bell or other instrument to attract attention. Some postmasters give instructions to the carriers to have the pensioner show his voucher number or such other means of identification.

On rural delivery routes the carrier is ordered to give the pension check direct to the pensioner and not leave same in boxes. Delivery to persons other than the pensioner can be made only on the monthly written authorization.

DEER SLAUGHTERED TO FURNISH PERFUME

Musk, the basis of most strong perfumes, comes from the interior of China and Thibet, whence about 30,000 ounces are exported every year. It is the secretion of a gland of the male musk deer, a small, sturdy, hornless animal that is hunted in the mountains at altitudes of more than 8,000 feet.

From Tachienlu, the principal port of export, about 2,000 catties of musk are exported annually, averaging twenty-two pods to the catty. As each pod represents one deer, at least 44,000 male deer must have been killed to furnish this amount. But, as the deer are caught in traps, many does

and fawns, which contain no musk, are killed uselessly. A writer in the *North China Daily News*, quoted by the *Scientific American*, estimates that the annual slaughter is really about 100,000 head.

Each pod contains a piece of musk about the size of a walnut. It is worth ten times its weight in silver, so buyers have to be on their guard against the slightest adulteration.

AN INDIAN'S STRATAGEM

Among the many interesting stories told by members of the Canadian mounted police is one that has to do with the cleverness of an Indian.

One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. A band to go in pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more till it entered a river, and headed for a little wooded island.

Smoke was rising from the trees, and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Piegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. At his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, glanced about him for a moment and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds another Piegan came round the rocks and also went in; then another, and another and another. The Crees lay silently in the bushes, counting, till upward of fifty Piegans had come round the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last seventy men had disappeared in the cave, the superstitious and cautious Crees concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when re-enforcements came, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack that island.

That night, however, one Crees, less credulous than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave, he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a single camp-fire, the ponies were gone and not an Indian was in sight. The ingenious Piegan thief, by making the circuit of the passage, and the end of the island seventy times, had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.

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FROM ALL POINTS

WORLD'S TELEPHONES

Statistics recently published put the total number of telephones in use at 22,937,000, this figure being made up as follows: America, 15,840,000; Europe, 5,903,000; Asia, 683,000; Australia, 389,000, and Africa, 122,000.

TEN-INCH BUTTERFLIES

In New Guinea, described by a writer as a "land of palms and sunshine," there are butterflies measuring ten inches across the wings. These fly high among the tree tops, and are shot with special rifles with a very small bore.

LARGEST BELT

A Philadelphia manufacturer of leather transmission belting completed what is said to be the largest leather belt in the world. The finished belt weighed 3,000 pounds, or a ton and a half. In service it will operate day and night at a speed of a mile a minute, to transmit 1,000 horsepower. The making of this huge belt required the centers, or the strongest and toughest part, of the tanned hides from 670 heavy steers.

SURGEONS RESTORE SIGHT TO 11 ASYLUM CHILDREN

Eleven of thirteen children, inmates of the State Home for the Deaf and Blind at Colorado Springs, who underwent optical operations here two weeks ago, were led from perpetual darkness into light to-day when surgeons lifted from their eyes bandages that have covered them since the delicate surgery was performed.

With the exception of two children, sister and brother, those operated on have recovered their sight. The two, however, physicians said, are doomed to blindness. Their blindness was congenital, doctors declared, and they do not possess eyeballs or optic nerves.

OUR EARLY COMMON SCHOOLS

It is probable that the beginning of the American common school was in Massachusetts, although records show that there was a school in New Amsterdam, established by the Dutch as

early as 1633. In 1635 the people of Boston assembled in town meeting, requested Phileman Purmont to become schoolmaster and voted him 30 acres of land in part payment for his services. The school began by Purmont later became the Boston Latin school and has been in continuous existence to the present time. Other counties followed Boston's example, and within a few years common schools were established in nearly all the settlements. In 1647 the general court of Massachusetts Bay Colony ordered every town of 50 families to establish an elementary school, and to appoint a teacher whose wages were paid by the parents of the pupils he taught, or by the inhabitants in general. At the same time towns of 100 families were to establish a Latin school to prepare children for college. The law establishing these two grades of schools laid that foundation of the public school system of the United States. Three years later a similar law was passed in Connecticut. Rhode Island was the only colony in which there was no public school system at the beginning of the American Revolution.

LAUGHS

"There's no coal left in the cellar, ma'am."
"Why didn't you tell me before, Mary?" "Because there was some, ma'am."

"Weren't you fired by the enthusiasm at the baseball game?" "Nope, I was fired by the boss."

The Prisoner—There goes my hat. Shall I run after it? **Policeman**—Casey—Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat.

Reed—Did you hear about my neighbor losing control of his automobile? **Greene**—No, I didn't. **Reed**—Well, he did. The sheriff's got it now."

"What are you crying for?" "The teacher licked me fo-for something I did-didn't do!" "Something you didn't do! What was it?" "M-m-my lessons!"

Little Girl—Oh, mamma, you'll have to send dat new nurse off. She's awful wicked! **Mamma**—Horrors! What does she do? **Little Girl**—She tells us Bible stories on week days.

"That husband of mine has gone too far." "What's the trouble now?" "Why, last night he actually complained that my mustard plasters were not as hot as those his mother used to make!"

"Job was supposed to be a most patient man," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but we never heard of any one seeing him trying to get a live eel off a fishhook."

Customer (in grocery store, picking away at the raisin-box)—What are these raisins worth, boy? **Boy**—Fi' cents. **Customer**—What! only five cents a pound? **Boy**—No; fi' cents fer wot you've eat.

FROM EVERYWHERE

WONDERS OF SEA DIVING

Capt. Benjamin Leavitt, of the salvage ship "Blakely," of Philadelphia, has broken all records for deep-sea salvage in recovering a \$600,000 cargo of copper that had lain since 1869 with the wreck of the British frigate "Cape Horn" off the coast of Chile. Capt. Leavitt and his corps of divers were reported to have worked "as though in daylight at a depth of 318 feet, using high-pressure diving suits of the Captain's invention, and pressure-resisting deep-sea lights. It is Capt. Leavitt's ambition next to salvage the \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000 of treasure that lies in the sunken hull of the 'Lusitania.'" The "Blakely" was purchased from the Shipping Board, and outfitted with the "Lusitania" job in view, but it was decided to give a test on the Cape Horn wreckage.

DRINKING PARTIES HERE LAID TO PANAMA CONSUL

Testimony about great quantities of "carbonic fizz" and ginger ale highballs served at parties given by Carlos Carbone, formerly Panama Consul General in this city and later attache of the Panama legation at Rome, was introduced lately at the trial of the divorce suit begun by Mrs. Estelle Quinn Carbone. Mr. Carbone is in Panama.

Royal C. Scott, negro elevator operator at 201 West Fifty-fourth street, where the diplomatist had an apartment, testified that between July, 1923, and February, 1924, he served drinks and sandwiches there at least fifty times and possibly a hundred times. Asked to describe the women guests of Mr. Carbone, Scott said:

"Sometimes the ladies wore those pretty silk things. You know what I mean. There're not very much, but nice."

Mrs. Carbone is asking for \$300 a month alimony and the custody of her four-year-old son.

Justice Giegerich reserved decision.

ALASKA DEER FACE FAMINE

As a result of the unusually heavy fall of snow and unprecedently cold weather, wild life in Alaska is seriously threatened and fear is expressed by officials here that unless relief soon is afforded thousands of deer will starve to death. The situation is set forth in a telegram received by Dr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the Biological Survey, from H. C. Devighne, President of the Juneau Chamber of Commerce.

This telegram says that wild deer have been driven down to the beaches and are existing on kelp, which is insufficient food and consequently are dying by hundreds.

"Quick action and a nominal appropriation by your department will save extermination of these valuable animals," the message says.

Officials of the Biological Survey said tonight that at present no Federal money is legally available to meet the emergency. They are hopeful that it will be met by private subscription. They announce that the American Humane Society of Albany already had promised to contribute \$250 of the \$2,000 needed.

A PEANUT SHELL GAME

A city man got a glowing circular from a Chicago "development company" offering him ten acres of land in Florida for \$2,500—a "peanut unit," the circular called it. He could grow (the circular said) 1,000 bushels of peanuts on his ten acres and sell his peanuts, allowing for low prices, at \$2 a bushel.

The city man was impressed, but he sent the circular to the United States Department of Agriculture with an inquiry as to whether or not the investment was a good one.

Following are some sentences from the letter he got in reply: "The literature is of the kind designed to deceive city people in the north and west who do not know anything about farming. The average return from ten acres of peanuts would not exceed from \$300 to \$500. You can buy a 100-acre farm in almost any of the counties of western Florida, including the one mentioned in the circular, for the price these people ask for ten acres.

"The whole 'unit' system, whether it is pecans, peaches, figs, cane, peanuts, hogs, or what not, is simply a means of selling land at three to five times what it is worth to ignorant or unwary small investors. To pay \$2,500 for this ten acres of land would stamp you as a 'sucker' of the rankest class. All this is without reflecting in any way on Florida, for it is a good State and lands are comparatively cheap there."

A PARADISE FOR ANIMALS

Pierre Loti, in his book on India, repeatedly describes the fearlessness of animals in that country. He says: "My room was never closed, neither during the day nor the night, and the birds of the air made their home with me; sparrows walked on the mats that covered the floor without even heeding my presence, and little squirrels, after an inquiring gaze, came in, too, and ran over the furniture; and one morning I saw the crows perched on the corner of my mosquito net."

Describing the enchanted wood of Oodeypore, with wild boars, monkeys, and a number of birds, flights of turtle-doves, and droves of parrots, he says: "Flocks of superb peacocks strut up and down among the dead trees, running with outstretched tails, the wondrous sheen of which looks like a spirit of green and incandescent metal. All these animals are free and unrestrained, yet their demeanor is not that of wild animals and birds, for in these lands, where they are never slain by man, the idea of flight does not animate them as it does at home."

The respect for animal life is not confined to the Buddhists of Jains, the sentiment is of much more ancient origin. Pierre Loti tells us that the horrors of death and slaughter, the sickening display of carcasses of animals are nowhere to be seen, for the people of Brahma do not eat anything that has ever lived. "In the place of such exhibitions, we see heaps of roses plucked from their stems, which are used in the making of essences, or simply to be woven into necklaces."

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

NEW "SILVER-TONED" BELL

There is a new "silver-toned" American bell in great demand abroad. Its development is interesting. An ingenious American studied the mysterious qualities and beautiful tones of bells abroad that have been ringing for a couple of centuries. He figured that the tone was due to the clapper and bell having become worn until both fit closely together. He tried the idea of casting bells and clapper with a close fit, and the silver tone issued forth.

PRISONERS "LISTEN IN"

The voices of the outside world are penetrating the walls of prisons, and the long night hours are made a little brighter as a result. In a letter recently to WGY, the radio broadcasting station of the General Electric Company, Charles B. Clarke, warden of the New Hampshire State prison, writes:

"Received a wonderful radio concert to-night at New Hampshire State prison from Schenectady. We are the first prison in the United States to install the radio for our inmates."

HOW COL. WILLIAM CODY ACQUIRED HIS TITLE.

How Colonel William Cody acquired his title, "Buffalo Bill," has been the theme of many a story, and the exact circumstances leading up to the conferring of this title are as follows:

During the building of the railway the scarcity of food caused grave unrest among the army of workmen, and the complete absence of fresh beef on the menu eventually led to a serious strike. Colonel Cody, who was attached to the camp at the time, offered to organize a hunting expedition among his fellow plainsmen to scour the country-side for buffalo. His offer was welcomed by the officials, and in an incredibly short time he returned with several wagons piled high with buffalo meat—enough to last the entire camp until the overdue provision train should reach them.

Incidentally, his hunting prowess secured for him a valuable contract with the railway promoters, which wished him to supply meat to their workers until the railroad was completed. From that time he was known as "Buffalo Bill," a nickname he made famous the world over, and which is carved upon his tomb on the summit of Pike's Peak, in the State of Colorado.

WORK ON SARCOPHAGUS FOR WILSON FINISHED

The work of setting in place the sarcophagus erected for Woodrow Wilson in the Bethlehem Chapel of the Washington Cathedral was brought to completion lately. Recessed in the south wall of the chapel, in a space 8 feet wide and 18 feet high, the sarcophagus reposes under massive arches, with a leaded glass interior window forming the background. A grill, canopy and flags complete the arrangement.

The sarcophagus itself, of a warm, cream color

limestone, with almost a golden gleam, bears a single decoration—the Crusader's cross. In front of the cross is inscribed "Woodrow Wilson" and the date of his birth and death—1856 and 1924.

The grill, immediately in front of the sarcophagus and covering the recess to a height of 7 feet 7 inches above the floor, is artistically wrought in iron. Just below the cresting of the delicately carved oak canopy directly over the sarcophagus are the words: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord." The three flags surmounting the canopy are all historic, two of them being the "President's flag," presented by the government to each President, and representing Mr. Wilson's two inaugurations. The third is the American flag which was carried by the nations' troops when they marched through London.

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THE FLYING TRAPEZEE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

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Shortly before midnight a young couple slipped away from the dance. They sought out a long, low, rakish roadster. With powerful headlights picking out the path, it moved cautiously through the parking space and out onto the high road.

Early next morning—a farm boy found the girl's dead body crumpled in the wayside ditch. Concealed in the bushes at the side of the road lay the boy's lifeless body, also shot from behind."

Who had committed the murder?

Read the rest of the story on page 15 of our new Finger Print book. Find out how the murderers were traced, tried and convicted, and how a certain finger print expert solved five murder mysteries and secured 97 convictions in less than a year.

Find out how you can become a Finger Print Expert.

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You'll read of men who achieved fame, big rewards and important positions in a short time through the study of finger prints.

Any man who can read and write can become a finger print expert.



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State of Idaho
State of Colorado
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Columbus, Ohio
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Great Falls, Mont.
Idaho Falls, Idaho
East Lansing, Mich.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Lorain County, Ohio
El Paso, Texas
Galveston, Texas
Houston, Texas
Lincoln, Nebr.
Everett, Wash.
Ogden, Utah
Butte, Mont.
Pueblo, Colo.
Albany County Penitentiary, Albany, N. Y.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Livingston, Mont.
Alhambra, Calif.
Tulsa, Okla.
Havana, Cuba

Finger Print Experts Needed!

More and more the detection of crime resolves itself into a problem of identification. Trained men are needed every month to fill the new positions that are created. Records show that University of Applied Science graduates get first choice at the big positions. Listed below are some of the city and state bureaus to which U. of A. S. men have been appointed.

You can learn finger print identification in a few months in your spare time—at home.

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G. A. W.—I sincerely promise with all my heart what you ask. My phone number is Roslyn 381. Your sister, Ellen Shepherd, Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

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of DeZilvo should convince you more than anything we may say, how needless it is to suffer with this dangerous, unsightly, disfiguring ailment. When your Goitre or Big Neck has been reduced, tell others. For free treatment address Kolar Laboratories, 21 Kolar Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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As to how far sound waves can travel there is no known limit. A steam whistle with its sustained sound carries farther than a cannon shot, the report of which lasts but a fraction of a second. An English physicist, Lord Rayleigh, has calculated that the 60-horsepower siren at the Trinity House in London ought to be heard in Constantinople, but the fact is that it is not. The eruption of Mount Krakatoa in the East Indies was heard in Australia, 2,000 miles away.

Some people say that sound travels long distances by following watercourses, and others that the sound of cannon can be heard in forests better than in the open. It is true that water is a good sound conductor, as anybody can learn by sticking his head under water in a bath tub while the water runs from the faucet. But it is also true that sound waves that travel under water never seem to rise above the surface and continue their course in the air.

800 SKELETONS FOUND IN A CAVE

Eight hundred skeletons believed to be the remains of a white colony massacred by Indians about 1590, have recently been discovered in a cave near Benhams, Va.

The discovery was made by S. C. Dyer, scientist of Mohawk, Tenn. The colony came from England and landed on Roanoke Island, Va., July 22, 1587, with John White as Governor, according to history records.

Virginia Dare, the first white child in America, was born there August 18, 1587.

Gov. White went back to England to obtain supplies, and on his return in 1590 found Roanoke Island abandoned. No trace of his colony was found except the word "Croatan" carved on a tree. Historians deduced from this that the colonists were either massacred or during White's absence moved to a place called "Croatan."

Some scientists believe the Indians herded the entire colony into the cave and left them there to starve.

Souvenir hunters carried away so many skulls soon after the discovery that it has been impossible for scientists to determine by measurements whether they are of Mongolian, Caucasian or Ethopian races.

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